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ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

THERE are those to whom the oppositions of Theology are They try to keep alive their denomination not only in the Christianity which it holds in common with other denominations, but even more in its protests and antagonisms; but if we wisely cherish the idea of theological progress, our hearts will be set upon something very different We shall feel an interest not only in those advances which are fairly demanded by the science of the age and the historical criticisms of the student of the past, and which lead us into new and untried paths, but in other advances towards a better understanding of words that have been upon the lips of Christians from the earliest days, and have been rejected chiefly because they have been misunderstood. An earnest, frank, candid conference between Christians of different sects reveals points of agreement where, at first sight, there seemed to be only points of difference. At the risk of being reproached as reactionary and disloyal to the traditions of a liberal theology, we must persist in seeking for these points of agreement between the new things and the old things in the Church. In this paper we wish to offer a few thoughts as to the vexed questions of Unity and Trinity and Christology, in the hope that we may be able to show a real accord

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amongst Christians, far beyond what our names and forms would seem to indicate. It may interest others, as it has interested us, to note, even in a very few particulars, and in a very fragmentary way, how believers who still worship apart from one another, without any interchange of ecclesiastical functions, are really saying the same things as to first,

THE DIVINE UNITY.

The Lord our God is one Lord. All Christendom means so to affirm, and that in the most absolute, unequivocal, and uncompromising language. In the most exact and proper and only intelligible sense of the word Person, — the only sense of the word of which we can have so much as a glimpse, there is and can be only one eternal, supreme, divine Personality. By the distinct admission of the best Trinitarian writers, the three Persons in the Godhead are not three Persons in the common acceptation of the term. "We distinguish in the one and indivisible essence of God three hypostases or persons, at the same time allowing for the insufficiency of all human conceptions and words to describe such an unfathomable mystery," so writes Dr. Philip Schaff.* Or take this from Dorner's great work on the Person of Christ.

"How is the assumption of a second and third Divine Essence to be reconciled with the Unity of God?" "This problem was insoluble so long as the personality of the Son was taken in exactly the same sense as the personality of Jesus Christ in relation to men. For were this person, regarded as simply and immediately pre-existent, to be transposed into the Divine Essence, there is no escape from Polytheism. Rather, as the Church would not receive the latter, must the idea of personality be modified, the finite exclusive form which it has in the sphere of man must be removed from the Logos, in order that the Divine Unity might not be destroyed by the Logos." One may say, "This only puzzles, and does not edify;" nevertheless, such language justifies the assertion that the Trinitarian does not mean to be a Tritheist, or to sacrifice the Divine

^{*} The word person is in reality only a make-shift, in the absence of a more adequate term.— Schaff's Church History, Vol. iii. p. 677.

Unity to his Trinitarianism. Some of the most thoughtful Christians of these days are found in what is called "The New Church," and we understand the New Church to be very earnest in the desire and effort to protest against dividing of the Supreme Object of faith, love, and worship. We are told that in the devotions of all, save Unitarians, prayers are addressed to the Saviour, even to him who was called Jesus; but we submit that the worshipper must have in his thought Gop in Jesus, the Supreme Being as he reaches down to us through our own nature and in our own life. We all affirm the Divine Unity. There are not three Eternals, says the Athanasian Creed, but one Eternal. "Three Persons," says the Litany, "and one God." But here, it will be said, is the end of your agreements, this is the first and last of them, if it be any agreement at all. It may be thought that, in what will seem to many Unitarians a vain effort to affirm, whilst we are denying the Divine Unity, our common creed must come to an end. Let us see, however, if this is indeed the case, - whether all that the Trinitarian tries to urge upon the Unitarian as to Father, Son, and Spirit is without foundation in Scripture, reason, or the religious consciousness, and under any and every form of conception irreconcilable with the fundamental doctrine of the Divine Unity; whether we must conclude with some that the Creeds of Nicæa and that called the Athanasian have no proper place in Christian experience, are of the schools of philosophy, and not of Christ. For ourselves, we are moved to set down as a second point of agreement a certain

THREEFOLDNESS OF DIVINE ESSENCE.

It is impossible to conceive of the Godhead as a solitary Unit, alone until the creative word broke the silence of eternity. Ubi amor ibi Trinitas, writes St. Augustine. The Divine Oneness must be in some mysterious way a life of most sweet and everlasting companionship. This transcendent perfection is realized without any dividing of the Divine Substance or any multiplication of the One Personality. God is Father, and Father supposes Son, but Father and Son are

God is Father, the unfailing Fountain and Source, the Hidden Love, the Being who is First not in order of time, - we have here nothing to do with time, - but in order of thought, having therefore a certain supremacy. God is Father, but is it more divine to be the loving, giving Father than to be the loving, receptive Son? To obey is as divine as to command. To suffer is as divine as to rejoice. To be afflicted is as divine as to be at peace. The love which evermore returns to God is as divine, as truly a part of God, as truly God, as the love which evermore flows down from him. Again, is it blessed and perfect and heavenly to be self-contained and self-possessed, abiding in one's self? Is it not just as blessed to go forth in creation and redemption, to be the Light of the world, and the Life of men, the Indweller, the Comforter, the Inspirer of prophets and saints, the Christ in us? Until our conception of the Godhead is enriched and made really living in this wise, what have we more than Jew or Mahometan? The Saviour deals with this high theme of the Godhead only in proverbs.* If he could treat of earthly things only in this way, how much more must he so discourse of heavenly things. We must not take him literally. If we are to read the Bible only according to the letter, how can we avoid setting up in our thought a throne in the heavens, with the Father seated thereon, and the Saviour at his right hand, and how even so shall we escape the confusion in which we are involved by Scriptures which place the Son upon that same throne? When Jesus says, "the Son can do nothing of himself but what he seeth the Father do," we must free our minds of all thought of two distinct divine Beings, the One subordinated to the Other, or the One equal to the Other: to cherish such a thought, is to do, whether as a Unitarian or a Trinitarian, the very thing which must not be done, -it is to divide the substance of the Godhead and to distract the devotion of the worshipper. Some expounders of the Scripture have hoped to escape from the difficulty by the explanation that the Savjour is to be understood as speaking in his humanity; but disinterested inquiry and study of the New Testament language

more and more lead to the conclusion that this understanding of the words is inadmissible. The Lord was discoursing, as he says, in proverbs. He was not showing us plainly of the Father. That should be the office of the Spirit at some future time. Speaking in a figure, he is doing all that human speech enabled him to do to bring the ONE GOD before us in his completeness, as a perfect Sonship, as well as a perfect Fatherhood. He is speaking of God himself, not of a second and subordinated God; of God himself who is forever One, and only One. He is teaching a world which can see no beauty save in reigning, in being worshipped, in being ministered unto; that to obey, to worship, to minister, are essential to the everlasting glory, native to the very Heaven of heavens, divine and to be worshipped, not as the Romanist calls upon the transfigured saint, but as the Christian ascribes glory, honor, and power unto the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne. It is a gross, and merely human conception of the Godhead which ascribes a personality like ours to Father and Son; equally gross and human whether we make the two persons coequal or not. The one Divine Personality infinitely transcends our personality and includes wondrous fellowships, and proceedings in Creation and Redemption of which our being affords types indeed, because we are made in the divine image, and yet only types, because the creature differs not only in degree but in kind from the Creator. In popular Trinitarianism, the Son is made more attractive than the Father, until at length the Father recedes from the sight of the spiritual sense, and the Son is worshipped in his stead. This seems to be the outcome of such theology as Henry Ward Beecher has attained to; for in some way we must be Unitarians. In popular Unitarianism, the Son, instead of mediating between man and the Father, and bringing man to the Father, and being, as it were, the human side by which we come to God, occupies us with himself, sometimes to our great spiritual confusion. When men ask us, If once you have found God, is he not enough? we know not how to answer them, so long as Christ stands between us and God, and we

have not learned to say that the Father can only be seen in the Son, and the Son only in the Father, and that the Father and the Son in the unity and joy of the Holy Spirit are One God. The three grand elements or distinctions in the Godhead are so distinct, and, we must add, seemingly so inconsistent each with the other, that the temptation of Rationalism and Trinitarianism, spite of its appeal to the Bible, is Rationalism, and always has been - is to say, under the breath indeed, and declaring that the words employed are not used in their common sense, that there are three Gods. In resisting this Rationalism, the Unitarian must not deny Son and Spirit; he must not try to explain what is said of the Son as if it could have been said properly of Jesus of Nazareth, however filled with the divine fulness; he must not reduce the Spirit to an influence from above, or a glow from within. An able writer in the "Radical," in a paper entitled "Two Religions in the New Testament," has shown how impossible it is to read the Gospel according to St. John, and not understand the writer as setting forth in the Son an essentially Divine Being. Other Unitarians - as, for example, John James Taylor and Martineau - have taken the same ground. Are we prepared with them to leave that Gospel out of the record in our discussions with Trinitarians? or shall we rather thankfully accept it as revealing in part the mystery of the Son in the Father's bosom, glorious with him before the world was, the Word by whom all things were made, the Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, the Word that was with God and was God? Will it not be well for those who find only one Religion in the New Testament to be looking with more care in the directions which we have so feebly indicated, and see whether Unitarianism, without accepting any Tripersonality or quasi Tritheism, cannot still appeal confidently and joyfully to a Gospel which careful inquiry more and more surely assigns to the Master's beloved disciple? Not that these unfoldings of the mystery of the Godhead are confined to the Gospel of St. John. Matthew, who by some of our rationalistic critics is reckoned humanitarian, puts such words as these into the Master's mouth: No man knoweth

the Son save the Father, and no man knoweth the Father save the Son. We repeat that we must utterly divest ourselves of the conception of the Father and the Son as distinct personalities; the ONE GOD, who is a Person as we are persons, only in a way which immeasurably transcends our mode of being, is Father, for he is the Infinite Love that evermore flows down to bless, is Son, for he is the Infinite Love that is content to be of no estimation, and is as ready to serve on earth as to reign in heaven, is Spirit, for he is the Infinite Love that seeks and saves, redeems and inspires its own-When we are told that God made all things by his Son, will any picture one Divine Being dwelling in the heavens whilst another Divine Being, coequal or subordinate, creates things visible and invisible? Shall we say that the Son literally intercedes for man's pardon with One who, inasmuch as he is the fatherly God, can need no such intercession? "I say not unto you that I will pray the Father for you, for the Father himself loveth you." It may be said that our Saviour's use of these figures has misled his disciples into Tritheism: but the answer is that every communication which is not a mere truism is liable to be misunderstood, and that, spite of the rationalizing tendency, Christians have been on the whole and practically monotheists, and in a fruitful way beyond the measures of any other monotheists. They have worshipped and loved the Father in the Son, and have walked in the Spirit. They have had written upon them the new Name, which is more than the name Deist or Theist. But we must not dwell upon these revealings of the Godhead; we must pass on to say that the Church universal is coming together more and more in a confession of the

PROPER HUMANITY OF CHRIST.

There has ever been a tendency in the Church to regard our Saviour as simply God in a human body, personating a man, but in truth no reality of our manhood. There has always been a danger of losing the human in the divine. Even in the Athanasian Creed "perfect man" stands written as well as "perfect God," — and this, also, "One, not by

conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God," nevertheless, the Rationalism to which we have already alluded, finding it impossible to conceive of the blending of two natures in One Person, has been ready to leave out of sight sometimes the human, sometimes the divine. But more and more, amongst all denominations of Christians, the fact of the true humanity of our Saviour comes into the light, and is recognized as a fundamental of our faith. Those who know him only according to the flesh have done much to promote this end. Their "Lives of Jesus" have set him forth as gloriously, sweetly human. The Gospels are perfectly clear upon this point. They describe, without any least token of a desire to exaggerate, a Son of man. He grew in wisdom and in stature; he was subject to his parents; he was exposed to the infirmities and pains of the body; he was sometimes weary, sometimes sorrowful; he was tempted; he was called at times to walk, not by the lamp of knowledge, but by the light of faith: and the Church takes home these facts of the Saviour's life more and more, and, instead of being offended by them, finds this humanity unspeakably dear. We believe, says the Christian to the humanitarians, all you say about the manhood of Christ. Make him just as real to us as you can; describe his home in Nazareth, his journeys to Jerusalem, his companionships, his encounters with bigots; show how real, as flesh and blood and a reasonable soul are real, he must have been to his disciples and friends, and how his miraculous gifts, being exercised with a certain reserve, and not for his own private occasions, did not lift him out of the sphere of our human living. Even St. John, who gives us the divine side, gives the human, too. He is weary at the well, and hungry, too, we doubt not; though the opportunity to feed the soul of the sinful woman made him insensible to the want of outward meat. He must needs remove from the multitude, lest they should force royalty upon him. He went away to avoid for a time the death which threatened. On the cross he cried out, I thirst! Yes, we say, Thou wast the man, Christ Jesus, and more and more the Church of God rejoices in the humanity of the Lord, and that He who is appointed to judge the earth was a man amongst men, himself made perfect through sufferings. What we need is the Bread that cometh down from heaven If it seems to any incredible that our Saviour should have been so thoroughly human,—no halo about his head,—it is just this incredibility that our faith will overcome; we must not think so meanly of our humanity as not to find in it a prophecy of a divine indwelling; for here, too, Christians are coming together in the glad confession that

GOD WAS IN CHRIST.

Jesus stands supreme and alone amongst men in cherishing, uttering, and living from the calm conviction that he shared the divine consciousness, that his thought was the divine thought, and his love the divine love, and his kingdom the divine kingdom. Between the human, however exalted, and the divine, there is a difference, not only of degree, but of kind. The word and the work of man may be very gracious and precious, but it is not the word and the work of God. They shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is "God with us." It is one of those descriptive names, like Isaiah, or the "Salvation of Jehovah," of which the Old Testament is full. Others, before and since, have borne the name; but it has been fulfilled only in him. In him was life, - life in this supreme and transcendent sense. The sacred writers never leave out of sight the essentially divine in the Gospel. They have no story of a man who, in obedience to conscience, and in the strength of the devout sentiment, and in the abundance of a loving heart, and through that grace which is granted unto all, had lifted himself nearer heaven than the rest of the world, and had become the prophet of humanity. Large portions of the Gospel are devoted to the sweet humanities of the Lord's life; but these humanities are all pervaded with divinity. We enter into no metaphysical discussion of the mystery of the Divine Nature. We recognize no division in the Object of divine worship. Enough that, in the account of the ministers of the Word,

the One God over all, the Person of persons, the Father as truly as the Son, the Son as truly as the Father, spake out his loving thought, and poured out his loving Spirit in Mary's blessed child. Whatever else we may be unable to gather concerning this Son of Mary from the most ancient records of his life, we gather this. Strangely silent upon many points, and strangely fragmentary, they are eloquent and complete upon this. We are not sure that what we call incompleteness in these priceless histories may not be best explained as the inevitable overshadowing of all else in the story by that which transcends it all. The Gospels seem to be, in some sort, a justification of a saying current in the Saviour's time: "When the Christ cometh, no man knoweth whence he is." They have not given the day, the season, or so much as the year of the Lord's birth. From St. John we learn only by implication that he was born at all. In the present state of inquiry as to the time of the Nativity, the two best authorities are as far apart as autumn and spring, whilst tradition and the poet Milton tell us "'twas the winter wild." It has been impossible as yet to make a proper harmony of the Gospels, to arrange the events in the order of time, to determine the length of the Saviour's ministry, or to write a satisfactory Life of Jesus; and, where we crave the brightness of perfect day, we have only patches of light. John tells us that only the least part of what the Lord said and did had been set down. And yet they who tell us so little of Christ after the flesh steadily present him to us in the glory and beauty of the Eternal Spirit, the Father knowing the Son, the Son knowing the Father, all else shut out from direct divine knowledge, - the Master's word and work, altogether divine in its source. We may believe them or not; but what they have written they have written, and their writing will, in the long run, be explained by candid readers only in one way. Moreover, we are persuaded, that, even though our records should be subjected to a much more searching criticism than the ordeal through which they have already so triumphantly passed, this testimony, concerning the essentially divine in Jesus, would remain to be a bond

of union for all who profess and call themselves Christians and a rallying word against rationalists and naturalists of every name.

In him was life. And this innermost came into the light of our world an essentially divine character, the Divine in human lineaments and proportions. This character has borne the penetrating gaze of friend and enemy for more than eighteen centuries. I know what men are, said the First Napoleon to a group of sceptical officers, and I tell you Jesus Christ was no man. Read what Bushnell, Furness, Renan each from his own stand-point - has written about Christ, and you will more and more wonder and be glad in the Lord. We, too, know what men are, and in their best and their most Christian estate. We know that even so they are compassed about by infirmities, and are weak sometimes in their very strength, and, however admirable in this or that, fail of completeness and symmetry, and, when we turn from the holiest and loveliest of earth to this Wonderful and Mighty One, we can only say it has pleased God that, through his own indwelling, there should be one perfect human life.

In him was life. In a moment or by degrees the eternal fulness flowed down into that receptive nature; in a moment or by degrees God became all in all in that child of earth and time; the Word which was with God and was God passed into man's history, to work evermore through man upon man, like the leaven which the woman took and hid in the three measures of meal until the whole was leavened, for the Life was, is, and ever shall be the Light of men. Mankind was right in looking and praying for such a light. Man's very nature, however fallen, is an invitation to the Divine Indweller. That was the burden of Jewish prophecy, the desire of the pious Gentile, the reasonable expectation of a weary and wandering being created in God's image and for God's glory. "Among many," writes the historian Tacitus, "there was a persuasion that in the ancient books it was written that at this precise time the East should become mighty, and that the sovereigns of the world should issue from Judea." Such a sovereign came. As the Christ said to the woman of

Samaria, even whilst unfolding to her highest spiritual truth. "Salvation is of the Jews." If we had not our Gospels with their stories of the Son of God on earth, we should be almost driven to invent just such writings to furnish an explanation of what else would be an effect without a cause, we mean the change of the world from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to the power of God. The life that was in him is the explanation. What he was explains what he did. Curious persons have busied themselves in showing that the great immortal sayings of Jesus having their counterparts in Jewish and Gentile Scriptures, in Plato, in the Talmud, and that, in an age singularly superstitious, the most stupendous miracles would have made no great impression, or would have been passed by as necromancy and witchcraft. Do such persons understand how they are helping to echo and enforce the testimony which, under one form or another, has gone forth from the Church in all ages that God was in Christ." How else was it that the Old World grew steadily worse under the best teaching, that Grecian civilization illumined by philosophy and adorned with miracles of art faded and waned, that the great Roman world strengthened by law, and iron clad at every point was only a huge body without a soul? How was it that in those old cities nothing flourished but sins and superstitions whilst the very temples, beyond all other places, reeked with foulness? How else was it that the Christ, coming into the midst of these decays and corruptions, awaked the dead to life and called a world from its grave? How was it that the Morning Star of Judea, sending its feeble ray through that deep gloom, became a light to lighten the nations? Others you say had said the same words which he said, and had done what looked like the same works: be it so: but their words died upon the air, and their works were only the wonder of the moment, and as they went forth upon their errands, no wilderness blossomed into a garden, no kingdom of God drew nearer. Is it not plain that Christ was himself the Truth which others only spake, the Way to which others pointed, the Life for which others only longed? In him was Life, and the Life was the

Light of men. — a perfect Light from the beginning, a Light shining like the sun in his strength: Light of Light, eternal. unchanging, in us, and yet not of us; not a poor flickering flame in man's heart, blazing up a little to-day, and dving down to-morrow: an unfading Brightness even amidst shadows and mists of earth, sure to penetrate farther into all dark places, until the world shall be filled with light, an unsetting Sun, though its rays are not poured through cloudless skies and fall still upon so many desolations. We celebrate the glorious rising, the beginning of the world's day, though we cannot tell the moment when the Night came to an end, and passed into that most blessed Dawn. We go into the sunlight and bathe ourselves in the healing beams, and see how they change the poor clods of earth into glittering gold. We kindle our own lamps at that undying Fire, and bear the light with us into the corners of the earth, and the dwellings of sin and misery. We bear witness how, thanks to this Light of men, the faith, hope, and love which would have signalled Jew or Gentile as chief amongst saints and sages are every-day Christian possessions. Always capable of religion, never entirely deaf to the voice of conscience, never quite forgetful of the heavenly home, man is now religious. conscientious, heavenly-minded, so far as he is truly Chris-Now, it is but in keeping with the Saviour's fortunes in all his redemptive work, that his very triumphs have come between himself and the eyes that should discern his divine glory. Seated with him in heavenly places, we forget that he came down from heaven to lift us into that estate of light and blessedness; we mistake the poor lispings of our feeble lips for the words of Him who spake as never man spake, and are brought so near to God in Christ, that we are sometimes misled into that new idolatry which gives to the creature the glory that belongs only to the Creator, and to him who is celebrated in the Church forever as his only begotten Son; we forget that whilst there shall be millions upon millions of the Christlike who, through Christ, should learn to love God and man, there can be but one Christ, none other who in his sober mind would speak as he spake, none other

who stands within the Light which only himself can so much as approach, and out of a humanity which the Fire doth not consume, speaks the words of a new life. How well must he have educated the world, that the world should seem to some to need him no more! But, spite of these high imaginations, we find that the world does need him; that from age to age the Spirit takes of the things of Christ, for the world's guidance and comfort, finding ever inexhaustible wealth in him; that in the fulness of the divine love he has answered the questions which man has but just begun to ask; that when civilization has spoken its last word, and that a despairing word, and the earth is dumb in sorrow, the angels that compass the throne, as they bent over the cradle, again fill the midnight air, with their sweet songs of hope, and the Gospel, which perhaps had well-nigh perished in the letter, lives again in the spirit, hidden, as of old, from the wise and prudent, but revealed unto babes. In the providence of God, the thoughts and affections of our world are freshly turned towards Jesus and his gospel; the glorious and gracious Personality of the Christ is coming anew into the light of our life: the Scriptures into which he breathed his wisdom and love are breathing forth again that reviving breath; more and more the thoughtful are coming to the study of his humanity to find in the end, as even Renan seems to have found, — at least, such are his words, - that "whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed." There is a new persuasion, that Religion is to be revering and deep and abiding and practical, is to keep its place of power and service in an age of great material progress, is not to be overshadowed by the awakening, growing intellects, or to die out of the aching hearts of our new time, is to help us where help is most needed, in bridging over the ever-widening gulf between rich and poor, is to be a power amongst the heathen that swarm in our cities and are spread over our rural districts and have possessed themselves of our vast territories, because it is to be Christian, - Christian through and through, and from personal contact with Christ.

"Three times every day," says a Roman Catholic preacher,

"from every church tower, the Angelus bell proclaims the incarnation of the Son of God." Might that only be the token that the divine life is evermore flowing down more and more full and free from the heights of Christ's Transfiguration into every part of his earthly domain? Not for a time but forever, does God draw near to us in his Son; and as our King was altogether glorious and gracious, so should everything human be fashioned into the divine likeness as by the Spirit of God. Let chimes of the heart, which Christ has made a holy of holies, celebrate the Lord's perpetual abiding in that hiding-place of power; and let us all pray in the old Hebrew words: "Drop down dew, ye heavens from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One, let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour."

We are sometimes asked, "What is Unitarianism?" We answer this is our Unitarianism, and we believe that it is the Unitarianism of many who still allow themselves to be called Trinitarians, and that, regardless of the one name and of the other, the disciples of Christ may well unite in this confession.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSE.

BY R. F. FULLER.

What angel is it, you intend?

His presence, whose almighty power
Is with his people, to defend

And keep from peril, every hour?

No! Heaven forbid we him forget;
But we've another angel yet!

Your guardian-angel may it be,
Whose charge it is, of love divine,
To foster, from nativity,
Till all the days of life decline?
No! Such we owe a sacred debt;
But we've another angel yet.

Some dear, dear kindred, once in this,
From life above have borne to thee
A heart-light of mysterious bliss
And halo of felicity?
No! Precious boons have such of cheer;
But we've another angel here.

In tears to this the children fly,
If mind or body come to grief,
For pity pass the father by,
And trust her only for relief.
Ah, now I see! Home has no other
Angel, for children, like the mother.

From day's beginning till it end,
She toils to do the children good;
Their clothes to make for them and mend,
And fit for them the daily food.
Her smiles are sunshine, day and night;
And love makes all her labors light.

Their lessons, too, she helps them learn,
And all the school-day trials bear;
And, with a mother's kind concern,
Their moral welfare makes her care.
And, if their father fails them, she
Will try to both their parents be.

The mother's love is apt to teach
And make the love of Heaven known;
To lead in prayer the lisping speech,
And kneel around the Father's throne.
Ah, yes! the tender mother mild
Is a good angel to her child!

In vain does our own foresight strive to escape the snares that surround us: danger comes from below, but deliverance only from on high. Temptations are without and within us; we should be lost, O Lord, without thee. To thee I raise my eyes, upon thee I rest my heart; my own weakness frightens me. Thy all-powerful mercy will support my infirmity. — FENELON.

THE YOUNG WOMAN IN HER POSITION AND INFLUENCE.

BY REV. J. F. W. WARE.

I ACCEPT at once the popular belief, that no man understands a woman. I do not pretend to. There is that peculiar to each sex which the other cannot comprehend. How it may be when the relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, shall become properly estimated and offset, the one against the other, I cannot say, but I suspect that the subtle, radical distinctions of sex will alway preclude the complete understanding of the one by the other. And yet a nearer, juster conception of each other is possible, is desirable, is imperative. Without possessing the clew by which to read the female riddle, I feel I have something to say, not as when I spoke to young men out of my own experience, but now from observation, - that other faculty given to man, whose conclusions are as exact and valuable in their sphere as those of experience in theirs. Wiser, perhaps, were the discretion that should forbear than the hardihood that attempts, but I feel that since the sex does not or cannot appeal to its young members as they need appeal, I must discharge a duty as I may. No class in society more needs enlightenment as to its position and influence, its duties and dangers. From nothing is society to-day suffering more than from the ignorance or the neglect of the women of it fully to meet their responsibilities, and make their own lives and the lives of those about them what God demands.

Let me try to sketch the young and simple, unperverted girl at the point when she begins to live, becomes somewhat her own mistress, law, and guide, and then show what relations and obligations devolve upon her. Not necessarily pretty, frank, joyous, and warm of heart, life is to her a sunny day. Free from care, tenderly sheltered, inhaling an atmosphere of love, her thoughts come and go unquestioned

and unchecked. Her sky is clear, and she hears no muttered prophecy of storm, or if now and then trouble, like an April cloud, comes up, like the April cloud, it passes, and her day is the brighter for its tears. Thinking in her heart no evil, she thinks there is no evil in the hearts of others, and with trusting confidence and winning sympathy lends herself to the wants and woes, as well as the successes and the joys, of others, her swift imagination weaving in the brighter colors where a sober fact would give the graver tone. Respecting herself, she respects others, and reverencing the truth, she is found its handmaid. Her glad affections run out and embrace all things, and into what she does, she throws a heartiness of will and interest that rejoices hearts worn and weary with the strivings and the falseness of the world. She knows nothing of proportions, can do nothing moderately. Everywhere and about everything she is the most provoking of enthusiasts, her flashing eves and quick movements and heightened color and bounding pulse all betraying the earnest spirit underneath. Quick to feel, she is quick to chasten and subdue emotion, her smile chasing the tear-drop as the flashing sunlight chases the summer shower, while for injury she has swift forgiveness, and wipes out the memory of evil against herself. Somewhat impetuous, if she wound, so gracefully she heals that one might almost think the wound a trick to show her grace in healing. Daring in danger, because ignorant, her foot will tread where man's brain fails, and she will go intact, because of her innocence, among perils a maturer wisdom would not brave. Duty calls her, and she is ready, nor of herself will she think, where her affections are, but a very narrow way will tread and a very heavy butden bear. Buoyant in movement, as in spirit, her light step, her early song, her merry laugh make glad her home, and over her homeliest duties cast a charm that makes even servile labors shine. As her arms clasp themselves about the forms of those she loves, so her affections and her labors twine themselves about their hearts. She makes all glad, her winning ways, her high morality, her quiet sympathy, her faithful love revealing the possibilities of her womanhood, and making one sigh that, even

as into paradise there came the disturbing spirit, so, too often, in among these harmonies shall that same spirit steal. With her faith is sentiment perhaps rather than principle, yet a joy and a support. She has her places and her times for reflection and for prayer, and schools herself to the orderings of the higher will. No tender Madonna gaze more pure and satisfying than her upward look of trust; no weeping Mary more

quickly, really penitent, more sincerely contrite.

These are some of the virtues better than mere charms and graces with which a young girl emerges from an unspoiled girlhood, clad in which she stands, drawing all hearts toward her, a creature all loveliness and hope, at the mysterious threshold of life. These are the advantages with which she starts in her career, the means of an increasing happiness and a constant usefulness. These are the implements which God has given her, with which to make her first impressions upon life, and if no disturbing causes intervened, if there were no errors of education, of society, of parents, if there were no follies of fashion, no specious arguings of custom, no relaxing of the early intuitive idea of virtue and duty, no letting go of faith and worship, this bright promising would unfold into the perfect woman: - and once we have the perfect woman, a perfect race is not far away. I shall probably surprise you by what I say, but indeed it is neither said lightly nor for effect. I think the first conscious act of woman should be gratitude to God for the honor and privilege conferred upon her in making her woman. What the angel said to the wondering Mary might well be repeated to every woman, "Hail, thou that art highly favored! The Lord is with thee. Blessed At the top of his creations has he put her. Nothing has he created above her. Peerless is she amid the things of his hand. Whatever there may be in other spheres, worlds, lives, here she is the divine master-work. Not till she was made were the creative acts complete, and if, last from the hand of her Maker, she is best, weakest and yet strongest, and since her birth, for good or for evil, except where barbarism has virtually obliterated her existence, she has been the ruling power of the world. You may doubt or deny, but history and experience alike prove the fact.

This is something fearful to think of, and yet it is something to thank God for, and at once lays before you the purpose for which you have come into being, your work and your destiny. It is to be God's agents in the training and salvation of man. I do not want any flippant laugh to turn any one away from the full weight of this most important and solemn statement. I want young women to understand and accept their destiny, and prepare to enter on their mission. I want them to grow up knowing what God has appointed them to, what duty demands of them, what is the place they are to fill and the end they are to accomplish: I want them to feel that for weal or for woe they are created to live with man, and for man, and that all that is brightest, best, most hopeful in man and history are because of woman's fidelity, while all that is saddest, most degrading and hopeless is because of her infidelity. In his "Sesame and Lilias," which, despite the affectation of its title, you may all read with profit, Ruskin says, none too strongly, "There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it. There is no suffering, no misery on the earth, but the guilt of it lies lastly with you;"- and there is more that he says there which ought to make every woman pause and tremble. The fate of the world lies in woman's hand, and the generation that is coming, and so generations succeeding, shall be as the young women of this day are. Men may make the laws, and establish dynasties, and figure in those events which have a place in history. Men may assume to rule and seem to be the power which turns the current of affairs, but woman is the power behind the man; moulding and swaying him from the cradle, through every stage, in every sphere of life. If she be what a woman should be, if she have trained herself in all womanly excellence, her power is felt for good and shall be to public as private advantage. If she be false, if she neglect self-culture, and, thoughtless of her high vocation, content herself with frivolities, admiration, and self-indulgence, if she be blind to her duties, and selfishly self seeking, untrue to herself and untrue to her God, then shall the world feel it for evil. She

not only blights the little circle of home, but the bane falls on all she comes in contact with, spreads to and contaminates society. Men may say what they please; it is the women we know as mothers, wives, sisters, friends, companions, who make us. The law of God is not more potent than the influence of woman, and many a man will resist the law while he must yield to the influence.

I think, therefore, that the young woman should grow up with the consciousness of a great and mighty work to do,—not on herself alone, not in large places or conspicuous positions, but directly and immediately, just where, from the first and inevitably she is placed,—for which she should now be preparing herself. It is work enough and grand enough to satisfy anybody's ambition, tax anybody's power and time. Woman need never ask for her sphere. Lo! it is here.

Let no one object that this is to bring care upon her too soon, and a sober life too early, and to take away the buoyancy which is her charm and her hope. No, the God who gave her the duty will furnish her with the power to accept and bear it, and yet leave her all that is loveliest and happiest. She must lose no time. She must know, accept the fact, brace herself at once, and look about and gather in all You mistake in allowing the young to look on youth as only the season for present, careless enjoyment. You mistake in supposing that to show early what life is for, to teach how to prepare for it, is to blunt or abridge pleasure or break the spirit. You so do her woman's nature gross injustice. If done in the right way, fairly and largely, it cannot injure or depress; rather, it must elevate and inspire. Let the young woman know that life is not pleasure, or herself a toy. Let her understand that God did not give her youth and grace and power to please, that they might be exhausted upon levities. Let her feel that she is not a something. appended to man, but created as his helpmeet; neither shadow nor slave, but something God saw man could not do without; and let her early training and thought be turned that way, that she may see how divine her mission is, and

how great that work her God has given her; and, seeing, let her rejoice and make haste to do.

Now, what a young woman wants to help her in this work is a high standard of womanly character, up to which she is to urge, and by which she is to measure herself. It is not sex that makes the woman, but character. The power is not in the gift of sex, the ordainment of nature, but in what is made out of the gift, - what the sex grows up to. She will not find that the duties which devolve upon her reveal themselves. She will not abound in all womanly virtue simply because she is a woman. Her sex will only be a disgrace to her if she seek not to develop its capacities by an early and severe self-culture. I say severe, because nothing of value is to be attained, except by an application that amounts to that. You may think that because the elements are in you, therefore they must develop as you grow. You may think that the mere fact that you are a woman gives, or ought to give, all you are entitled to, does, or ought to do, all that can be expected. So the elements are in the vine, yet you do not let it grow wild, thrusting its abounding life where it pleases. The fact that it is a vine does not secure its end. The life of nature needs education, training, and that, too, according to a standard. As the gardener, with his knife clips here and there the vine, - not at random, but by the standard in his mind, - checks it here, encourages it there, in short, subdues it to his will, so should each young woman train the womanly nature in her, that it may by and by represent the perfect womanhood. A long and severe task; but as there can be no question of woman's capacity, so should there be no hesitation at anything that will fit her for its development.

A thoroughly developed and balanced character is, if possible, more needed by woman than by man. It is her one implement. In that lies her strength; with that she does her work. Some foolish persons consider character as something masculine, and think it appropriate to woman that she should be yielding, with no fixed opinion or will of her own. They shrink from anything like a "strong-minded" woman, and

a woman of decided character they call "strong-minded." That ought not to be the opprobrious phrase it is. A strong mind is what a woman wants, - not a masculine mind, or masculine activities; but her feminine mind requires all the strength she by culture can give it. A decided character is not necessarily masculine. Nothing can be more truly feminine and lovely than a woman with fixed principles and thoroughly-schooled energies, broad vision, and firm will. She is the companion and friend and ally of man. To her it is that he looks in his perplexity and weariness. He may amuse himself with the weaknesses of women, foster their vanity, flatter and encourage them in what many consider "lady-like" ways, which are apt to be very weak and trifling ways; but he is soon sated with these, and longs for and turns to the true womanly woman, who has something to give out of her own experience and life. Such women are the hope and the support, not merely of the family, but of society; and just so fast as such women are developed will society be regenerate.

Let me impress it upon your minds, young women, that without character you cannot be that noble thing, a woman, - a word of all words most glorious, a condition of all conditions most to be coveted. Why is it that so many shrink from it, and feel themselves insulted unless called lady, the mere artificial distinction of society, and which never can cover the noble attributes of womanhood? I do not want to help you to become young ladies. Become woman and you must be a lady; content yourself with being lady, and you never become woman. Woman is the grand distinguishing epithet our Anglo Saxon tongue has bestowed upon the sex, - broad and deep in its derivation and application, as the other is shallow, conventional, and fickle. Not the ornamental lady, but the useful woman, do I desire you to be, laying through self-culture and wise self-restraint the basis of character, so as by and by to enter upon and pursue the various and arduous duties of life with as little loss of time and courage and powers as possible, so thoroughly prepared for life that virtue must go out from you in all intercourse. I will not so

lower my idea of the sex as to suppose that any young woman will be less happy because she is thoughtful of duty and mindful of her own character, or that she will shrink from her task when once she understands its necessity, or that she will hesitate to lay broad and deep the basis of that influence which is to be in all relations and positions her one power.

I could not exaggerate the influence that a young woman has, because of the fact that she is a young woman. It is a birthright power of the extent of which she is not conscious,

and which none can gauge or limit.

Over the young man she holds almost the power of a charm. "The soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it, and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails." He invests her with all that he has heard of or desires in woman. He craves her society, her good opinion, her friendship. Her word, her smile, her approval, are what he seeks and what he lives on, while her silence, her coolness, her disapproval, he deprecates. She sets up the standard beyond which he will not go. What her real character is, that will she impress upon the young men who seek her society. They will have no loftier aspirations than those she inspires. If she be true, love virtue, respect religion, - if her life be lovely with all true grace, young men can no more escape the influence than the tides can escape the influence of the moon. If she be selfish and heartless and frivolous, her dear self the one thought, nothing high about her, again the young man cannot escape. She may not lift so high as herself, but she is sure to thrust below. Men may not attain her good, but they will fall below her evil. "In every circle she fixes the standard of morality, above which few men care to rise. Woman's perception of virtue is generally understood to be more nice than that of men; and what satisfies her is sure to meet their approval. In this respect she is the lawgiver, and we are the subjects. The only hope for society is to keep woman in the advance guard. Let her point the way, and lead it, and the right progress is made."

I hold it to be a truth against which many of you will pro-

test, — nevertheless, a truth which fails to convince you only because you have not thought about it, — that what the young men in any given town or city are is largely owing to the young women. I say that there is a point in every young man's life where he is made or ruined by female influence, and influence of the young women with whom he associates, whose principles are evident in word and conduct. Let me know the prevailing characteristics of the young women in a place, and I think I should not mistake in describing the young men; or let me know thoroughly a young man, and I doubt if I should be far wrong in saying what was the character of his female associates.

How is it with the young men of any town or city? However it is, behold the product of female influence. Are they honorably industrious, with broad and generous culture, liberal principles, generous sympathy with the high and good, ready charity, on the side of justice, liberty, truth, and God? Then it is because the young women have never forgotten their high position and privilege, never have stooped to things which have so largely desecrated womanhood, but in a corrupt world and a corrupt day have maintained intact that which God gave them as their own security and man's help. Are the young men simply servants of custom and fashion, with no lofty aspiration, devotees to things which only can degrade, giving life to the outside and to self, living for nothing high, stooping to much that is paltry and low, and leads down to the gates of sin? Then it is because young women here are paltry and shallow and fashionable, slaves to form, custom, etiquette, dress, living for outside and for self, no high ideas, no great purposes, no grand end before them into which life shall culminate, but simply living to the hour, and for what the hour can return. And, if this be so, then I say the only way to save these young men, and to change this tendency of things, is for the young women of society to turn themselves with all their hearts to the embrace of those things which, while they alone adorn and dignify women, alone also elevate and purify man. "There is little hope of reforming young men, and keeping them in the path of virtue,

unless we begin by reforming young women, and teaching them to give their best influence to the cause of goodness and sobriety." "Depend upon it," said a young man, - when speaking of his own bad habit of intoxication, - "depend upon it that if they mix the drink for us, we will not refuse to take it: if their lips first touch the glass, we are sure to drain it; if they think us better company when our tongues are loosened by wine, and join in the laugh when we tell them of our follies, ministers may as well stop their preaching unless they can go a step farther back, and begin at the right place." And what he said of one thing may be said of another; and, it is because I want to strike at the right place that I say to you, young women, beware! Guard jealously your heaven-given dower. Use it nobly, fearlessly, - as a true woman should, - and you will save souls, too frequently only encouraged and urged toward their ruin by the foolish levity and selfishness of your age and sex.

Young woman! I have wished to make you understand who and what you are; the position you hold, the influence you wield, and from this I leave you to decide upon your duty and consequent responsibility. I am not sorry to make it seem to you that you have grave and solemn duty; for, until something of this possess the soul, I do not conceive that life has taken its just significance. I want you to recognize and accept what God has put upon you, to feel glad and grateful that he has so honored you as to trust you with so great a mission, and I ask you earnestly and reverently and instantly, to set yourselves to prepare for a task whose obligations press immediately, and press but the more as life goes on, and its relations become more in number, and more intricately interlaced with other lives. I want you to feel how much is in your hand, - the very purification and salvation of the race. What you are determines what society is to be; what you are, brothers and friends will be. Society has too long been tainted by woman's frivolity; too long the level of its tone and the demand of its law and the sanction of its custom have been low and unworthy, because she set the standard and made the demand. You must

redeem society. You must elevate its tone and its purpose. You must infuse a new spirit into it. You must impregnate it with a higher life. Your sex suffers, our sex suffers from it. You are the regenerator, the saviour of us both. Drop out of your lives these soul-destroying shams and counterfeits which are so much society's demand. Let the holiest and best of woman have its way in you. Grow as God would have you grow, more true, more pure, more brave, and the false, the low, the mean, the deceitful in us must fade away before the coming of your serene spirit, as the foulness upon nature's face vanishes at the re-creating touch of spring.

MAGDALENE'S PRAYER.

The world-paths are shut to the feet gone astray, But forever stand open, by night and by day, The white gates of Prayer,—and at these will I stay.

My garments are soiled, and the wonderful crown Of roses I gathered all dewy, lies down In the dust where I cast it: you shudder and frown!

But say, in the pride of your fairer estate, Who knoweth the morrow? What demon of Fate May grasp you in turn? Ah, despair comes too late!

There is no returning to purity lost:
No spanning the stream which young Innocence crost;
No spring to efface the dark blight of that frost!

I wander in speech; yet the Comforter saith, (His voice rings triumphant o'er ruin and death!)
"Believe but my words, there is balm in their breath."

I come unto Him who the sinful can heal, Bowing low till some accent or touch shall reveal That I am forgiven:—unworthy such weal!

Though pilgrims are thronging the white gates of Prayer, None sadder have entered all tremulous there, To fold the Lord's feet in the veils of her hair.

POOR MISS MATILDA.

"THIN, indade, it's to the big almshouse I'll have to go."

"Then, indeed, Rosey," said Mrs. Thornton, "I think you might have a worse place to go to, though I am sorry. You'll have food, shelter, and warmth, no doubt, there for yourself and your children; and you ought to be thankful for that, in such a hard winter as they say is coming."

"Is it thankful I'd be thin, Miss Thornton, for yer takin' yer washin' away, jist whin I'd need it the most, — from me that niver wasted yer soap nor saved me knuckles? Thin, indade, that's smallest favors thankfully resaved; humph!"

"Rosey, I hope you will not forget yourself. I thought I explained to you, as plainly as I could, that I was very sorry to give you up, on my own account as well as yours; I do it only because I cannot afford to pay you any longer. But when we cannot do as we like, we must do as we can, and make the best of it."

Rosey looked significantly around upon the pretty furniture of the little parlor, — gorgeous perhaps it looked to her, fresh from her attic, — and lastly brought her full blue Celtie eyes back to bear steadily upon the silk and bugles of her interlocutor, — in vain. Mrs. Thornton saw, understood, and winced inwardly, but not outwardly. Rosey was rather provoking, but was still more unfortunate; and the late employer commanded herself as became her better breeding, and dismissed the late employée with a large bundle of children's half-worn clothes.

That over, Mrs. Thornton threw herself back in her cushioned chair, and gazed into the fire with an expression of care and regret. She could not do as she liked, in many respects. She was honestly trying to do the best that she knew. That best was really very unpleasant to herself as well as to Rosey, — so unpleasant that she could not but, by all the rules of ascetic morality, believe it must be right. Besides, did not the penny-a-liner producers of tales, for the instruction of the

unreasoning sex, fulminate the proposition that it was highly holy for ladies to do their own work?

For one, I own I do not see how it can (as a matter of choice and not of necessity) be exactly right, either in point of political economy or of Christian charity, for intelligent and educated persons, in a land swarming with red Roseys and woolly Phillises, to take out of their hands the only work, except Satan's, by which they can earn a livelihood. But then I am not a penny-a-liner producer of tales for the unreasoning.

To return to Mrs. Thornton. The times were hard, and it was growing harder for her husband to meet his domestic expenses. Though she liked luxury, she would willingly have foregone it for his sake; but he, although not what eighteen-hundred-year-old Christendom would agree to call a bad man, was little better than one of the æsthetic. If, when he came from his office to their late dinner, he found her fashionably dressed, in a warm, bright house, with ribbons in her hair, and flowers and dainties on the table, he was apt to give her a kiss, and tell her she looked like a dozen years ago, and that, if she would give him some music in the library, he thought he would "get his slippers on, and do up a few arrears of courting." If, on the other hand, he found her simply clad, economizing light and fuel, and presiding over a plain repast, he was too apt to nod to her across the table and say, "My dear, how wretchedly haggard and jaded you look to-night! You will go to bed early, I hope; and don't be uneasy if you don't hear the latch-key till late. I believe I shall go to the opera or somewhere."

And then, without his father to entertain or restrain him, it would be hard work for his mother to keep Master Edgar Thornton within doors. He was fourteen years old, and unluckily tall, and thought it "preposterous for a man to be kept cooped up like a girl in a gloomy, dark den of a room like that, away from other men of an evening, when there was plenty of fun to be had outside, for a chap that knew life."

Wherefore, in short, Mrs. Thornton had determined in

her own mind that whatever retrenchments she made must straiten herself alone - and her work-people. Accordingly, as we have heard, she dismissed her former washerwoman, giving the heavier part of her washing to the chambermaid and taking upon herself the getting up of cambrics and muslins.

About the middle of the ensuing winter, Mrs. Thornton came in a crowded street upon Rosey, as dingy as ever, redder than ever, and with an odor of whiskey about her that was quite a new addition to the list of her personal attributes. "Why, Rosey, where in the world did you come from?"

"Sure, an' didn't I come, - praise the Lord! - from a bad place, Miss Thornton, that ye sint me till yerself, ye did, Miss Thornton, wid me childer an' all; - an' I hadn't been in it a week jist whin the blessed child was kilt, so it was! An' isn't that a nice thought, Miss Thornton, for yer dyin'-bed?" shouted Rosey, in a torrent of volubility, while her dirty face was striped with a sudden burst of maudlin tears.

"For pity's sake, hush! See how you are making everybody stop and look. What do you mean by making such a noise?" exclaimed poor Mrs. Thornton, shocked out of all presence of mind by such proclamation of her name in so

public a place.

"Is it what I mane, Miss Thornton? Sure, an' it's murdher I mane, Miss Thornton, that ye an' the likes of yees'll have to answer at God's jidgmint," screamed Rosey; and she might have added much more for the information of the gathering bystanders, had not a timely glimpse of an approaching policeman cut short her eloquence, and put her to flight.

"Poor thing, quite crazed!" thought Mrs. Thornton, as she made her escape homewards. "Strange people, the Irish are! Rather than stay in a comfortable place, where she and her children could be lodged and fed for nothing, to make her way back, like a starving cat, to her old haunts at any rate and drink her few wits away, I do believe for sheer want and despair. However, I gave her good advice; and that was the best thing I had to give her."

She had no time to think more about the matter, for it was late, and her uncle was coming to her, as usual, for his Sunday dinner. He was spending the winter in town, as a member of the General Court.

- "Well, Uncle John," said Mr. Thornton, as the soup-tureen went out of the door, "what particular irons have you in the fire this session?"
- "One in particular that I wish we hadn't, Fred; for it's like having a pond to sound, that goes clear through the world and out on the other side."
 - " Ah, what is that?"
- "The State Poor Laws. We haven't generally had any special luck in bringing up the Tewksbury babies; and now out comes the physician of the almshouse, and testifies he has no doubt they are murdered."
- "What?" cried Mr. Thornton; and his wife's pale face and starting eyes repeated the question. Was that what Rosey meant?—and was it true?

Uncle John did not notice her, and answered his nephewin-law concisely, "That."

"Why, how? Who, do you mean, does it?"

- "The other paupers, to be rid of the care of them, drug them or strangle them."*
- "Original, I must say! Well, poor little victims! 'Better is death than life,' I suppose, is a true enough maxim for most of them. Have some port?"

"Thank you, - sherry!"

The conversation wandered off to other topics. Mrs. Thornton could take little part in it. Her heart beat as if a giant, standing behind her, were squeezing it like a sponge. At the earliest possible moment, she rose, left the dining-room, and hid herself in her chamber. It was cold

^{* &}quot;Dr. Wakefield, physician at the Tewksbury Almshouse, concurred in what had been said by Superintendent Marsh, as to the mortality among the infants in that institution, and the cause of it. He [further] had no doubt that many of the deaths were caused by the paupers having charge of the children, who drugged or strangled them, in order to be relieved of their charge. — Legislative Hearings."

enough there; but drops of perspiration gathered upon her forehead faster than she could wipe them away. She was an over-wrought woman, and naturally scarcely fit, without the support of a calmer mind, to deal with such subjects as those now forced upon her. For a time she almost felt herself to be the murderess that Rosey had declared her. But soon the strong habit of thinking of others before herself began to come to her aid; and there was a knock at her door, and Edgar came in and found her crying.

The boy, if wayward, was affectionate. He stood aghast one moment; the next he threw his arm round her neck, told her there was nothing in the world he would not do for her,

and asked what the matter was.

She told him, and added, smiling faintly through her tears, "You want to see life, you say sometimes, Edgar. Will you come and see some very sad life with me?"

"To see the woman again? Dear mother, where she lives

can't possibly be a fit place for you."

Mrs. Thornton thought within herself that no place could be fitter for a follower of Christ than one where the lost were to be sought and saved; but her saying so might have sounded like cant to the lad. Therefore, she answered, simply, "Dear Ned, if I don't see her, I am afraid I sha'n't go to sleep all night;" and they set off.

Meeting a policeman, Mrs. Thornton engaged him to accompany them and wait without, wherever they should enter. There was much doubt about their finding Rosey; but Mrs. Thornton remembered the (anything but model) lodging-house where she used to live, and went there first, hoping to obtain a direction from her former fellow-tenants. It was discovered that she had regained her former quarters. Mrs. Thornton and Edgar groped and climbed, by the light of their little lantern, up a rickety stairway, from which half the balusters had been broken, probably for fuel. They came at length into a close, cold, dark attic, about which thin, blue children were crying and creeping, dressed in torn, soiled garments, — some of which Mrs. Thornton presently recognized as having once made a very different appearance in her own

warm, airy, sunny nursery. She asked the little swarm for their mother.

"She's yon!" and the chorus pointed to Rosey in the corner, asleep on rags and hay, a senseless heap upon a senseless heap.

Mrs. Thornton's heart was too full at first for more speech. She distributed among the famished flock some of the food that she had hastily snatched from her own full larder, and prepared to make a pot of tea. Edgar, meantime, half pitying, and half pleased by what seemed to him some scrap of Dickens realized, unpacked the great basket of logs and chips which he had brought, and kindled a fire with all his might.

At length, when the water was fairly boiled, and the tea set to steep, Mrs. Thornton nerved herself to know the worst; and beckoning the oldest girl to her, she said,—

"Now, my child, I want you to tell me all about your little brother that died at the almshouse."

"He didn't die."

"Your little sister, then."

"She didn't die, - aint none on us dead."

Mrs. Thornton clasped her hands, and Edgar burst into a loud, hearty laugh of amusement on his own account, and relief on his mother's.

"There, mamma, you see the creature was too far gone to know what she was talking about."

The noise he made seemed to cause a sensation in the corner.

"Who be ye, an' what be yees wantin', an' let alone me childer, will ye?" exclaimed one of the heaps of rags; and Rosey came forward with a threatening aspect and unsteady gait; but, seeing fire on the hearth and the children's poor little claws and lean cheeks full of buns, she subsided again in tears and a heap on the floor.

"Rosey, poor Rosey!" cried poor little Mrs. Thornton, now, do tell me the truth! Are your children all here?"

Rosey cast a frightened glance around and over them.

"Sure, an' they be! Can't ye see for yerself?" vol. xxxix.

"But are you sure?"

"Sure? An' why wouldn't I be sure? Isn't there Bridget an' Michael an' Patrick an' Maggy an' Tirrence an' Florence an' the twins an' the babby? Ye'll niver thrust me no more, 'cause I tuk the dhrap the day. On'y wait, Miss Thornton, till the winther day comes till yees, widout a breakfast nor a dinner on the table for yer childer, nor a spark on the hearth, nor a sup in the tay-pot, an' thin see if ye wont want a little somethin' to stiddy yer legs when ye goes out a-beggin'."

"Rosey, I did not come to blame you. I came to try to help you, if you will help yourself. Here, drink a cup of good hot tea, and try to eat some bread. You did not know what you were saying, you poor thing, when I met you.

I'm only too thankful it was not so."

"An' what would I be sayin'?"

"You said you had not been more than a week at the almshouse, when one of the children was killed."

"Indade, an' it was, as sure as this is the best tay as iver had the run o' me mouth; but it wa'n't no child o' mine, at all, at all. 'Twas poor Miss Mateldy's."

"Oh! Well, Rosey, it is too late for me to stay any longer now. Eat your supper, and go to bed; and be very careful of your fire. In the morning you can come to me for a week's washing,—if you will come without drinking anything stronger than tea, remember."

Rosey's loud blessings as they followed her down the stairs sounded to Mrs. Thornton like but a faint echo of the blessing of relief within her own soul. She was planning a thank-offering,—a costly one for her, but she did not grudge it.

Rosey presented herself duly the next morning, shaken but sober. As soon as the little Thorntons were gone to school, she was summoned to her mistress' sitting-room, and came in with a downcast air, wiping the suds from her sadly shrunken arms.

"Rosey," said Mrs. Thornton, "I engage you again to wash for me regularly while you drink nothing that you ought not. By and by, I hope you will take the pledge; but it would be an awful thing to break it; and you must try

your strength first. Now will you tell me about that poor Miss Matilda?"

"Why," said Rosey; grateful and yet not sorry to change the subject, "'twas wid her parper an marmer I lived, when I lived out to S-. They rinted the finest house in the town, they did. They wasn't young folks, ye see, whin they was married; an' they niver had no child but her; an' I tuk car' on her. They was mighty scarse on her; an' she was hardly iver let run out beyant the gate, for fear o' her comin' to some harm; and she was a shy little thing and loved home, and was still a-playin' keep house, by herself, under the trees wid her dolly and her kitty; an' whin she'd grow bigger. 'twas still a-sittin' in the summer-house she'd be, wid her wurruk or her book. Whin I went away to be married, she cried; an' she still sint me a prisint ivery year come, Christmas, by her parper's man; an', whin her weddin' come, she bid me to the churruch; an' thin her husband tuk her away, wid her white lace an' silk an' orange-flowers an' all; an' I niver see her more till wonst, to the almshouse, I wint through the sick-ward; an', says somebody, wake-like, out o' one o' the beds, 'Oh! isn't that Nursey? Stop, Rosey, do stop!' an' there was her a-pillared up, all white and wasted away; an' she had to tell me who she'd be, afore I'd believe me own eyes."

"But how did she come there?"

"Sure an' she told me; but it was more nor I could see the rason of, let alone remimber. I mind it was somethin' about her not havin' her parper's old tax-bills to show whin they'd ax her; an' the town's ricords was burrunt; an' his not ownin the house he'd live in; — but he still paid the rint reg'lar indade, till he failed, an' lost all his money; an' he an' her marmer died; an' she'd still had throuble, a-losin her childer an' all."

"But could not her husband take care of her?"

"'Dade, an' 'twas little she wint widout that he could give her. She said it was the greatest ingineer he was as iver was; an' all the factories was a-pullin' him out o' the others' hands. He'd lay down on the sofy, an' bid her not spake,

an' knit his brows; an' in an hour up he'd jump, an' draw a picter of a machine as would do iverythin' for 'em but walk an' talk. An' loads an' hapes o' money they'd give him; an' so' he'd still go a-travellin' round wid her, this-a-ways an' thata-ways, from the top o' the country to the bottom, an' hardly be months together in a place, let alone years. But he pit all his savin's intil the mines, an' lost all in the war, and tuk a brain-faver an' died. She jist got back wid nothin' to her parper's house; 'cause she hoped 'twould seem a bit like home to her. 'Twas full o' Irish ladies an gintlemin thin, it was; an' she was a rale big lady, - the likes of yees; but some on 'em was good to her; an' there her last little darlin' child was born, an' she made shift to stay till the winther come: an' thin she was afraid 'twould be froze, an' so she jist let the town officers sind her where they would. She'd still been used to bein' tuk car' on, an' niver larned how to stan' up for herself. 'Twas on'y sence she'd been there, she'd kep' her bed. The doctor said her heart was gettin' affected, - broke, I expect. She'd have tirrible turruns o' throuble for breath: an' whiles they'd make her faint dead away. She had 'em one night awful; an' they tuk her babby away. I wa'n't thar, an' didn't know; but next morning she was sinsible, an' see me an' called me, an' caught hold on me apron, an' begged me would I go, that minute, an' fetch it right back to So I wint. 'It's dead, that babby is,' says the old woman as had it to tind, a-lookin' at me fixed an' stern-like. 'Dead!' says I; 'now don't tell me that,' says I. 'What would make it be dead?' says I. 'Sure, an' that's more nor I know,' says she. 'It jist give a kind of a choke an' a kick in the night, an' turruned cold, do what I would wid it,' says she, a-lookin' wicked. 'Let's see; 'twas you that was a-savin' 'twas subject to fits, wa'n't it?' says she. 'Sorra sich a wurrud iver I said,' says I; an' thin I felt somebody give a kind of a fumble an' twitch at my gound the t'other side; an', out o' the corner of me eye, I seen the blind woman, as was still a-shakin' an' a-quakin' an' a-feelin' her ways around, nigh by me. She give me one more twitch: an' thin I surmised somethin', an' turruned me back, an' wint

on afore her widout lookin' round, wid her thumb an' finger still in me gound a-drivin' on me, till we got round the corner, an' thin she pulls me up short an buzzes in me deaf ear. 'Spake louder,' says I, a-givin' her the t'other side o' me head. 'That babby was smothered the night,' says she; 'an' that old lady it was as done it,' says she. 'Now, don't tell me that,' says I, and fell to cryin'. ''Dade, thin I do,' says she; 'an' it wa'n't the first babby nither. It's still mighty fond she is o' the babbies as comes in our hearin', an' 'specially the cryin'est; an' they don't throuble nobody long arter she gits 'em to tind. That babby cried last night till we was all wore out, an' wint to sleep; but I'm used to havin' to see wid me ears, along o' me infirmity,' says she; 'an' I waked up whin she was a-chokin' on it, and heard it quacklin', and her a-savin' so as nobody else could hear, "Take that, ye little divil, you!" So I sot right up on eend o' me bed,' says she, ' jist to let her know somebody was a-stirrin'; an' she says out loud, "Shoo, shoo; come to its Mother Abby. Did she git a-talkin' in her sleep, an' scar' de itty precious?" But the babby gin niver a sound more.' 'Why don't ye go an' tell?' says I. 'I dar'sn't, I dar'sn't,' says she, a-shiverin' till her back-haircomb clackered at the wall she laned agin. 'Now, don't ye be afther sayin' a wurrud, whativer ye do,' says she. 'That old lady would do me some awful ill turrun,' says she; 'an' it's awful asy she'd do it, too, along o' me infirmity."

"But did you not tell?" asked Mrs. Thornton, shivering almost like the blind woman.

"I dursn't, along o' me childer."

"But you did not stay there with them!"

"No longer nor I had to wid Miss Mateldy; an' that was but tin days till she died."

"Oh, how dared you?"

"Sure, an' how would I lave her in her throuble, that was still good to me when it was well off she was, an' that clung to me, the last old, wonted face she knowed? Sure, an' may ye niver find out for yerself, Miss Thornton, how hard it would be to die all alone amongst strangers! An' I still set me big little girl to mind the little ones."

"Jenny," said Uncle John, gazing approvingly at Mrs. Thornton over his next plate of Sunday beef, "I'm very glad to see you looking so much better. Last week I was afraid that something serious was the matter."

"So it was, uncle, — your own distress, the Poor Laws of Massachusetts."

"What?" cried Uncle John.

"What I wish very much to tell you, if you can only stay to tea. And I should like to have Fred hear, too, if he will, and Edgar."

Accordingly, when the children were all in bed, the story of

poor Miss Matilda was heard in the library.

"'Her father's old tax-bills!' 'Hired house!' Absurd, Jenny! How can you listen to such a rigmarole?" said Mr. Thornton. "There can't be any truth in it, of course; can there, Uncle John?"

"Yes," said Uncle John.

"Well, then, I shall have to set about seeing to your settlement betimes, that's all, little lady," returned Mr. Thornton; and he lighted a cigar, and gazed into the smoke.

"Thank you, dear Fred; it is so kind of you to think of me first; but I'm afraid that is not all. Uncle John, can't something be done?"

"About the babies? I hope so. That is what we are aiming at."

"But old and sick people are twice as likely as dear little babies to wear out their nurses' patience, I should think; and they are often very helpless, too. Cannot the State almshouses be put into different hands?"

" Not into better, so far as I hear."

"Oh, Uncle John! — not if they suffer such things to be done?"

"My dear child, imagine yourself, with the best heart in the world, set on guard over some seven or eight hundred paupers at once, some of them experienced in artful malignity, some too poor-spirited to complain, and many too great liars to be believed!"

"But then, Uncle John," interposed the grafted philanthro-

pist Edgar, not a little proud of being called into council, "if such things must be done under the best possible hands, when seven or eight hundred paupers are crowded together, isn't that a certain proof that they never ought to be crowded together at all?"

"Very well reasoned, my boy; but, on the other hand, it is urged that cruelties are less likely to be practised at the large almshouses than the small, because so many more people have business that obliges them to visit the State almshouse than the town."

"But is it the rule, then," persisted Master Edgar, "for the visitors to stop after their other business is done, and count the Paddy babies?"

Uncle John laughed. Edgar was called to the door to show a schoolmate where his lesson was; and Mr. Thornton looked out of the cigar-smoke, and took the floor.

"Uncle John, you know I don't pretend to have much to do with these questions, practically, and so perhaps you wont object to my saying my say about them, as a matter of pure speculation?"

"On the contrary, Fred."

"Then I should say that, in general, pretty nearly as many able-bodied people had business that obliged them to visit the town's poor, sooner or later, somehow or other, as there were Christians in a town. Now, I'm not a Christian myself—"

"Oh, Fred, how thankful I am Ned isn't here to hear you! How can you say such a dreadful thing?"

"I supposed you knew it, and he, too, by this time, Jenny. I don't do anything worse than make money, I hope, my dear; but then I don't do anything better. If there is such a thing as a worldly Christian, then I am one with all my heart. However, what I was going to say was, that if a town almshouse remain unvisited, it struck me that the town's Christians must be a most queer and illogical set. They all expect to be saved, of course. Now those of them who expect to be saved by grace, I should suppose, would, out of pure gratitude, follow the example and wishes of their Saviour

upon earth; and as to those who expect to be saved otherwise, they know the story of the shepherd, the sheep, and the goats. Here is Jenny, who is a Christian, as we should all agree, if she were not here. We couldn't spare her from parlor and nursery long enough for her to go skylarking off to Tewksbury; but if Rosey had been within reach, she would have seen after her, and so, in consequence, after poor Miss Matilda besides."

"It is dangerous work making new laws," said Uncle John, putting the previous question as his nephew left the room; "you can hardly ever tell, before you see them working, how kindly or unkindly they will work. My scholarship is pretty rusty; but if I recollect right, in one of the States of old Greece they had a custom, according to which anybody, who brought forward a new statute in the public assembly did so with a halter round his neck to be put in force instead, if the statute should not prove to be a good one. The ancients might not be philanthropic, but at least they were practical. I am not sure but the custom would have its uses here."

"Then, dear uncle, don't you think nice little nooses of zephyr worsted, at least, would be becoming decorations for lawgivers who send persons as helpless as poor Mrs. Matilda and the baby, where there are too many to be taken good care of?"

"Ahem! They say that cases not already provided for by the State had better be left to private charity. What are you going to do about Rosey?"

"Fred has consented to my giving music-lessons, twice a week, to a little daughter of my dearest old schoolmate and playmate. She was telling me, a few days ago, that she had given up in despair hiring masters for Fanny. The little witch is so giddy that it is impossible for them to make her learn, without such scoldings as make her cry; but she is fond of me, and promises to do her best if I will only try her. With my wages, I shall pay Rosey's. If she only has some little regular work and pay to depend upon, it is surprising to see how she will manage to eke them out with odd jobs."

"That is very good of you."

"I wish I could be sure it was, uncle. It often seems as if my very best was the least of two evils. Teaching tries me more than anything else. I have a good deal of it to do already, for our own little girls; and the only hour in which I can receive Fanny Hare is one which I have usually contrived to keep, hitherto, to rest and read and gain some little knowledge of such things as interest Frederick and Edgar; but now, twice a week at least, it must go."

"Take care. It is doing no good service to the State to overtask her wives and mothers."

"The remedy lies in your own hands, remember then, Uncle John," answered she, kissing him as she helped him on with his great-coat; "what will you do?"

"I will consider," said the member of the General Court.

E. FOXTON.

"VIA ET VERITAS ET VITÆ."

Thou art the Way. Thy feet have trod The chosen path to mortals giv'n, That surely leads us up to God, The holy way, the gate of heav'n. Thou art the Truth. The Father's mind Inspired thee with divinest light; And he who seeks, in thee, shall find The essence of the Infinite! Thou art the Life. The perfect soul Shone in thy cloudless being clear, -A mirror of the mighty whole, Englobing the eternal sphere. Still be the Life, the Truth, the Way; Lead on the nations from above, Till earth rejoices in the sway Of God's unfathomable love.

THE FAMILY.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON, BY REV. KINSLEY TWINING.

And ye shall return every man unto his family. - LEV. xxv. 10.

THERE is, perhaps, no more pleasing view of the human race than that which presents them gathered in their several families, devoted to the duties, and enjoying the delights of their homes.

It is not necessary to mar the tranquillity of the scene by forcing ourselves to gaze on the habitations of cruelty, or the abodes of misery which are known to exist. There is so much of light thrown on the world's dark surface from the cheerful windows of domestic happiness that, in a rapid survey, the eye lights upon nothing else. The shades pass for nothing.

On such a day as this, at least, bright views alone throng The sunny memories of other Thanksgivings are no small part of its good cheer. To hint at this festival is at any time enough to give a genuine son of New England his best spirits. Cold son of an inclement region as he sometimes is, the memory of these glorious days of his boyhood lights a fire in his breast as big and as glowing as the great fire upon the great hearth of his grandsire, where the flame of the cord-wood went up the huge chimney, and the boys sat on their stools in the fireplace corner, and never tired of looking up the great sooty funnel into the blue sky above. At a time when Fast Days were more rigidly kept than Sundays, when Sundays were Sabbaths, enforced by two laws, and when religion wore a face that seldom smiled, the annual Thanksgiving was the religious festival which young hearts welcomed; when, for once at least, in the year, the great heart of love and goodness in our father's piety made itself felt. Whatever impressions had been made by the strong doctrine presented at other times, now was brought forward unmistakably the friendliness and the good hope of the gospel.

Rich and glorious as those days of yore stand in our recol-

lections, the observance of them has lost nothing in coming down to our time, so sound and well preserved is this custom of the fathers. I doubt whether the whole year knows another scene so truly good, so noble in itself, as that gathering of families which this week rejoices in, — the return of every man to his own home.

The school-boy and the school-girl away from home for the first time have these many weeks counted the days forward, eagerly waiting the family festival to-day. The only son away on his work, setting himself up in business, making his start in a profession, or learning, as clerk or apprentice, the rudiments of his craft; the father, brother, and husband, who were lately at a distance from the paternal roof, have now hied them home; and they will all tell you that the pure joy and soul benefit of these hours is something which money cannot buy, and which nothing but the domestic instinct and family affection can supply.

And, when all are gathered together, when every man is returned to his own family, when the fathers and mothers have welcomed the last that was to arrive, when the son and the daughter from the distant West are once more within the old home, when the sister sits down with the brothers, as in years gone by, when the young lads and the maidens, born and reared under other skies, take their place in the home they have been taught to venerate, when the board is spread, when the praise ascends, when the social cheer of hearty words of quiet recollection goes on, how good, how happy will be the scene!

To-day such scenes will be witnessed all over this broad continent. Wherever the sons of New England have carried their families, they have carried the festival of the family. There will be great joys through all the sturdy homes along our northern line. There will be generous provisions, and no less generous remembrances, in the new homes which gladden the Pacific coast. Dispersed families reunited, lonely parents joying again in the midst of their sons and their daughters, silent and deserted homes, made vocal with pure festivities unknown during the twelvemonth gone, proclaim this the

bright and happy day of all the year. Not again, until the annual course is run, will this great people, throughout all its habitations, be disposed in such happy groups. When tomorrow the dispersion begins, there will not again be such tranquil joy, such festivity of the heart, such lights shining in homestead halls, such warming and cheering of homestead chambers, until the festival of the family again return. Others may pronounce a different judgment; but, for me, this is the grand hour of the year, the happiest scene of all our people witness in the twelvemonth course. And the reason is, that so many now return to their own families, and there give out the truest, deepest, most pure, and most spontaneous tone which is in them. In these family gatherings we most truly see and feel what man is,—and man is the greatest thing which God has made.

I, too, with others love — and how much I cannot tell—the beauties, the wonders, the glories, of earth and sky. The serene landscape, the wild crag, the mighty waterfall, the sunny summit, the broad ocean, the dawn, evening, and the starry night are to me what they are to others. But, above all, give me true and good men and women. Give me man in all his differing phases and aspects of life, — his work, his thought, his feeling, his figure in the scene.

I felt this once, in the profound wilderness of the remotest west, where the immense pines of the unpeopled Occident wave their tops over the Pacific, toward the so densely peopled Orient.

Those sublime scenes,—those forests, dim as twilight, beneath the mid-day sun, that lofty canopy of green, with those grand living columns rising from the dark and tangled brush, those majestic streams, those lofty summits, so proud beneath their eternal snows! Here I thought is pure nature. But why is this stream, so broad, so clear between its glorious banks, so much less impressive than our eastern Hudson, or than the ancient father Rhine? And this I could not tell, until one day, looking out alone from the unbroken wilderness, the half-monthly steamer from below, with its black hulk, and smoky banner trailing behind, moved up, slow and

grand, against the wind and tide. Here now, I thought, is come the greater thing. Here is man and his achievement. Here was the one thing wanting. The modest châlet on the mountain side is a feature which the landscape painter, who knows his art, cannot omit. If, on his canvas he depicts a quiet pastoral scene, somewhere he must draw outright, or clearly suggest, the work or form of man. It may only be a swineherd in appropriate attire, a shepherd with red mantle or coat of skins; but man is an element so much greater than all else on earth that, without him, what he makes becomes a cold photograph of a barren field, and not a picture of the great world. It is the work of man, the steps of generations, the clustered memories, the mythic lore, the verse, the song, which makes the Rhine; and tame as its banks are, poor and thin as its forests are, they will remain grander and greater than our Columbia, prominent as it is by nature, till man has dwelt there in his varied power, and centuries of his life have drawn over them the rich mantle of human thought and feeling.

The art of Greece did well to devote its genius to the human form. For there is no other so grand, so expressive, so perfect form. The Son of God took that form when he dwelt here. Man is a greater figure than rivers or mountains, or than the old ocean can bear.

The great painters did well to devote themselves to the simple drama of human life. The artless positions of a human group contain more in them, rise higher, spread out more broadly, and express what is more varied and more worthy of attention than any landscape can. And even the landscape must have, at least, its hut to warm and enrich the picture with the suggestion of a human home, or it must show a trodden path to lead the thought away unconsciously into the abodes and life of man. No matter how rude, how lowly these things are, it is man, and not circumstance, we look for; it is humanity, not pomp, which glorifies the scene.

And home — the family home — is the great human centre. Without his family home, the human being is scarcely man. The Indian savage cannot subdue the wilderness; his wig-

wam encampment will never enrich the Columbian wastes; his barbaric fisheries are poor substitutes for the storied ruins of the Rhine, the noble dwellings and flats of the Hudson. Reared in the bosom of the family, the youth becomes really a man. There he is a man. There we behold him in his varied power. There the rich light falls on his being, and there the great qualities of manhood display the muscles.

The superiority of northern to southern races is a fact which has long been observed, and one which is to be explained by very many concurrent causes. But among them, no doubt, is the influence of a severe climate upon the family. Where men cannot live abroad, where inclemencies of the weather, require them to be well housed, the family becomes of neces-

sity, far more important.

It is a habit we have to complain of the rough winds, the rigorous winters, the sharp heats of summer, the sudden changes, the violent rains which befall in these latitudes. But these all drive us to our homes, compel us to build them more commodiously, to organize them more carefully, and to guard, with a more jealous care, that family in which so large a portion of our lives is spent. These rugged visitors, with their hoarse voices and rude manners become the executive officers of the divine law which bids "every man return to his own family." A blustering east wind has kept many a gay young man at home, away from vicious company. The prospect of winter has taught many a lazy body the virtue of industry. Around the expensive fire, which winter weather and long nights require, domestic affection has creptinto many a selfish heart, and subdued many an unlovely life. Under the soft amenities of a tropical sky, the children, as soon as they can go alone, flutter, like young birds, from the parent nest. The generous soil provides them a spontaneous growth of delicious fruits, so that hunger does not ring the dinner-bell, and summon them at regular hours to their homes. The mild atmosphere of the open air is more sweet and more grateful to the slumberer than to be housed within the pent walls of a heated chamber, and thus the convenience of repose creates no bond between them and their homes.

Wandering abroad, they become, indeed, the libertine children of nature. And if any one has indulged the imagination that the tuitions of nature, of rocks, hills, and the open air, were better for a lad than that which human society and human homes provide, let him observe how swiftly barbarism creeps upon man, when the luxuries and amenities of a tropical home relax those physical necessities which draw us into families.

It is said that the sandy moors of Scotland have, many of them, been reclaimed by planting across them frequent rows of strong fencelike growths to check the flying sand, and hold it down until it may be fertilized into soil. Such, beyond doubt, is the influence of the family on those who grow up in its bosom. The restraint of home is required to hold down the vagrant disposition of youth, to subdue its wild growths, and to keep them in one course long enough to give time for better influences than boyhood originates for itself to be felt,—long enough for the sober sense of the elders to act on them,—long enough for the fertilizing influence of parental love and home discipline to do their work and make them ready for responsibility and usefulness.

I pass next to the remark that domestic life requires for its success domestic virtue. A wrangling family cannot fulfil its mission, nor will that end be reached where the mother is devoted to frivolity, and the father to a libertine life. The first great virtue upon which the family rests is what I may call the virtue of a sacred wedlock.

I deem it proper to say, on this occasion, that our atmosphere is not wholly clear of clouds which threaten mischief to our homes, and destruction to the domestic happiness of our people. I refer, in part, to the alarming and scandalous frequency of divorce. In one of the States of New England, the cases of divorce, during the year past, were ten per centum of the whole number of registered marriages. If those divorces were obtained on too little cause, they mark an alarming increase of libertine love. If there was sufficient cause for them, they prove that vice of some kind is corrupting the marriage relation, and making it impossible for the family to

rest upon it. One supposition is scarcely better than the other.

I appeal to fathers and to mothers, to use the great power of their home office - that office to which the great God himself appointed them, and from which no human caprice can remove them - to arrest, in their jurisdiction, the progress of the fatal ideas which lead to those alarming results. I appeal to those who proclaim the truth of God from the pulpit, that they speak out the voice of religion, and add its solemn denunciations of that destructive license which turns so many youth away from the safety of married life. I call upon the teachers in the public schools, upon the guardians of learning and the counsellors of the youth, to impress these truths upon their pupils. I invoke all the influences which guide public opinion, that they give aid and correct the lax sentiments and demoralizing practices which affect domestic life so disastrously. I call upon all who hear to visit upon every offender against those chaste ideas on which the family is founded, whether he be sustained by the laws or not, to visit upon all such the severe penalties of social disgrace. Let no foot that has trodden down the marriage vow pass your threshold in welcome. Let no hand that has ruptured the bonds which secure our homes be offered in acknowledged friendship in those homes. Let no heart which has dishonored the sacred name of virtue, or flung away those common ideas and common moralities which form the basis of character receive those hospitable rites which the family only can give, and which should not be prostituted to the service of those who invade and destroy it. Let no social practices continue to exist which conceal the approach of danger. Let the progress of amusement and social festivity toward the dangerous ground be arrested. Rather be "the noise of the viols" forever "brought low," than the noble art of music and the relaxations of social festivity become the death-bed of chaste social sentiments and practices.

But unhappily there are other clouds in the sky, which promise no good to our homes. There are sentiments abroad

which undermine all virtue, and which strike at those sacred ideas and immovable convictions which brace up domestic life on its tried foundation. The spiritualistic necromancy which substitutes the suddenly-discovered and as suddenly changing law of personal affinity for sober rules of life has carried away vast multitudes, and, throughout the land, broken the bond of more families than any and all other causes of evil. What multitudes of unoffending wives sit alone with their children, or without them, containing, as they can, the agony of a separation which those new ideas have made! How many generous husbands have been bowed with shame in the conduct of a wife whose fidelity had never been shaken had not those vagaries gone abroad! How many families have been thrown upon the world dishonored, to pass their childhood as they may, and to fall to pieces like the staves of an ungirded cask!

There are some, too, who, with most excellent intentions, are, nevertheless, giving an unwilling aid, but nevertheless an aid, to the demoralizing influence.

There is nothing in this world more difficult to manage than social reform; and whoever steps forward into that field should first have his eyes wide open to the destruction a man may work in the well-meant endeavor to set a wrong thing right. Let no word go forth from these pulpits which are raised to give men the new wine of the gospel to rivet the chains of an old bondage, or to weaken the force of a new-found and true liberty. But not every one who cries reform will, at the last, be considered a reformer.

I have my eye at this moment upon many of the schemes which are proposed for the advantage of woman. Concerning those schemes in general, I have nothing now to say. This only it is in my mind to bring forward, and it is proposed not as an attack upon anything, but merely in the way of a caution. The family is woman's great defence; and her best friend the laws, customs, and moralities which defend most vigorously the marriage bond. O woman, poor, unfriended, suffering, perhaps, and feeling that the great world has no place of common comfort for thee, sad, sad, indeed, is

thy lot! And I, too, have often felt thy burden of care or woe drop on my heart, as, passing one of thy daughters of sorrow in the street, I have seen only too plainly the plaintive story told in the face. But there is more hope for thee when strong laws uphold the marriage bond, and where woman's grandest sphere, the family, rests firmly on broad and sure foundations. Trades may open to thee, and public place receive thee, but if in venturing into the rough sea, thou lose that defence of chivalrous sentiment which abides in manly breasts, if thy genius for home, and thy light in the family expire, if exposure bring stain, and if thou lose the true and woman soul, ah, then, more has gone down, lost to the bottom, than those new openings can possibly bring thee. If, at the end of all these debates, we come out with woman illustrious in the public sphere, but the domestic life swept away, with wedded life of small account, divorce made easy, the family unstable, then look you, my sisters, then will there be woe enough in your ranks!

I do not like to say these things. I especially dislike to advert to them to-day; but the family, organized as God has appointed on the foundation of a wedded life, is too sacred, too good, and at the same time, too sensitive to the vice of the community to be allowed to be corrupted without a defence. And I have thought that perhaps my time to speak would be this occasion, — this festival of the family, when all parties are so full of its happiness as to be sensitive to the dangers which threaten it.

How pleasing, how noble the scene which to-day in our land presents itself to the right-minded observer! Who would spare himself the pains which are required to preserve green, pure, and happy that institution of the family which has followed the race in all its progress from the first, and is now at the foundation of our virtue and of our prosperity?

This fair scene of gathering and rejoicing families which we witness to-day, and of which we are ourselves a part, could never be, without a vigorous virtue among our people, nor unless domestic life were, in the main, sound and pure, the marriage bond upheld by a sacred reverence, parental authority established, and libertine ideas of all kinds frowned on by public opinion.

In the physical man the tide of good spirits is, to say the least, very much affected by the constitution and physical health of the man. And in our homes joy and brightness shine from their sound and fresh condition. Let a man be dyspeptical, and he will neither sing nor shine. Let French ideas corrupt the hearts of our families, and French roofs over their heads will not cheer the family below.

Let us, then, to-day rejoice in our homes, and bless God that in them he has opened to us so much happiness and so much profit. Let every man return to his own family, and there let him see on what foundations these homes are built, what principles will preserve and increase them, and what corrupt and overthrow them.

As Venice looked to the sea, the source of her wealth, and annually, with great ceremony, pledged it with a ring, so let us look to the broad ocean of the Christian family as the better source of our better prosperity. Let us pledge it with the ring of those happy domestic circles which surround our boards and rejoice in our homes. Let us pledge it with the ring of domestic affection and connubial joy. Let us pledge it with that quick and generous courage which hates stain more than it loves life; with those sentiments at once Christian and chivalrous which have raised woman to her equality of station, and which will remain in all generous breasts as long as woman, presiding in our homes, crowned in the social sphere, and unfolding her nature in grace, beauty, and influence, shall continue to inculcate them.

REASON has its outposts, from which it is continually driven back defeated; it rules, but under a perpetual check; it cannot take account of its own wealth, or fill the region it presides over. — The Patience of Hope.

SIX WEEKS IN WASHINGTON.

BY REV. JOHN C. KIMBALL.

WASHINGTON, though not one of the great historic cities of the world. - not a London or Paris or Rome. - has yet many things about it which render it, at least to every American, an object of special interest. It is the nation's capital. The relation of our people to it is different from what they have to all other cities, - all others even of our own land. Boston, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, whatever excellence may be claimed for them, on their own account, are only of local value. The outside world can go into them only as strangers. And their streets and parks and public buildings are matters in which the nation at large has no direct personal interest. Washington, however, belongs to the whole country, and is the only city which does. Every man who goes there, whether he be from North, South, East, or West, can feel he is treading in his own streets, and beholding his own property and his own work. It is the place where all the separate parts of the nation's body find their unit, the highest peak of our political continent. And the sensation comes to one here, as it does nowhere else, of what it is to be an American citizen. Six weeks may not afford a visitor a very extended acquaintance with it, may not enable him to write its history, or even to Partonize it; but they may, at least, give him some impressions not quite the same as those which are set forth from day to day by the multitudes of "Our own Correspondents."

The city has this peculiarity in its history over all others, that it did not grow, but was made; that it is not the result of the operation of natural laws, but a deliberate perpetration by act of Congress. When it was found necessary, in the early history of the Government, to select some point for a National Capital, sectional feeling in regard to it was excited at once, — the North fearing to have it located among the influences of slavery, and the South among those of liberty.

Many other places were spoken of; and the present was finally decided upon, prophetic omen! only by a compromise. Its early growth, even under all the interest taken in it by the great man for whom it was named, was slow. There was no decided popular feeling in its favor, no national sentiment gathered around it; and, for a long time, it was doubtful whether it would not be given up for some other locality, - doubtful whether ultimately it would echo with the voice of senators or those of frogs, - an indecision, some marks of which it bears to this day, in a sort of commingling of the accommodations appropriate for the two kinds of inhabitants. Up to the breaking out of the war, it was at best a dirty, inconvenient, half-made Southern city, a hanger-on to Congress for everything done in the way of improvement, and filled with the worst spirit of slavery. And it is only since this incubus was removed, only since a real, living freedom has sent its breath and blood into it, that it has begun to look up, and to be worthy, in some degree, of its name and grand position.

The first thing which a stranger sees on approaching it is, of course, its public buildings. Prominent among these, the observed of all observers, is the Capitol. It is hardly possible to speak of this building in terms of admiration too strong, either as regards its outward structure or its inside finish. The wonder is, considering the piecemeal manner in which it was made, and the hands of the many Congresses through which it had to pass, how such a grand result was ever attained. It may, indeed, have its faults of detail, annoying to the eye of the artist; but its general effect is imposing. It is the only building in the country which has a presence. It can be felt, whether you are looking at it or not, all through the city.

The White House, that shining goal of all politicians, and the possibility of which is supposed to be open to every American boy, and —girl that marries him, large, square, built of freestone painted, having an immense portico in front too large for the building itself and for any of the men, thus far, who have gone into it, and inside, in spite of paint and carpets and upholstering, cheerless, vulgar, and unhealthy alike for

body and soul, a jail in appearance, and, as some think, in the use to which it is put, is interesting chiefly for the reflections it calls forth. There is no other object in our country which has had such an influence on American politics. What What plottings and ambitions have centred around it! plannings to open a way to its door! How many eloquent speeches has it inspired! How many somersets of opinion, how many sacrifices of manhood and principle, how much falsehood and bribery and corruption! It has been the ignis fatuus of our history. There is hardly one of our great statesmen whom its white walls have not led astray. Easy and plain appears the road to its door, as you stand on Pennsylvania Avenue and look up through the gate; and yet, as seen through history, there is nothing, not the old Cretan labyrinth itself, which has been more involved and perplexed and hard to find. The thread of it is neither ambition nor virtue nor intellect nor great public services. The sword, perhaps, has found it oftener than anything else. But, in the great majority of cases, it seems to have fallen to its occupants by the merest chance, seems to have been a great white dice which the skill of politicians could toss up, but whose fall was governed by laws outside of all human calculation. Let anybody in America be prepared for it. But woe to the man who seeks it. He might as well start for the philosopher's stone, or the secret of perpetual motion; -- commonplace moralizing, perhaps, yet so recondite that five thousand of our country's rising men to-day have never learned it, - one of the lessons which ought to be taught in our Sunday-schools.

Nobody has seen Washington, or indeed America, who has not been to the Patent Office. There is nothing else in our country which is so characteristic of it as these immense halls, overflowing with models in miniature of all the countless objects which have been presented for patent rights. The contrast is very striking between the fruitfulness of the talent which has found a place here and that which has sought it at the White House. It is the glory of America as set against its shame. The machinery it represents has done

more to make our land what it is, to give it such wealth and power and wonderful development, than any other earthly thing. It comes nearest to creative power of aught the human hand has ever wrought, - far nearer, to my thinking, than anything which has been shaped in canvas and marble, has more of American brain in it than all our books. And, as I walked among the silent aisles in which it was stored, I confess to a thrill of awe and reverence for the genius surely, God's own gift - which had called them forth. If there is one set of men of whom America has reason to be proud more than another, one which, in our age, is peculiarly the channel of inspiration, it is not its poets, philosophers, statesmen, orators, theologians, but its great inventors. All honor to the noble army - and they, most of them, have been martyr souls-who have put their lives into these noble deeds of brass and wood and iron.

The Treasury building - whatever we may think of the currency which is issued from it-is certainly, in itself, a most substantial structure. Standing among its massive columns, it was impossible not to have them bring up what is now one of the most important questions of our country's good name and prosperity, - that of its financial integrity. How strange, amid all the discussions which are going on upon this matter, and all the contrivances which are being devised to remedy the evils from which we are suffering, there is not a clearer insight that the only possible course, as well as only true principle about it, is that of simple honesty! Every plan which has been thus far proposed, and every one which can be proposed to lighten the public burden, is merely the effort of the little boy who has eaten his cake to have it again in his hand. The fact is, we have had a great war, and have spent immense sums of money in carrying it on; and now the only possible thing for us to do, either as honest or dishonest people, is to pay it up. There is no financial scheme, not even that of repudiation, no printing of money, certainly, which can bring back the wealth we have put into powder and ball and fired away. And the man who does not think we have got its worth in the safety and freedom and new hope

of our country,—the man who grumbles at his taxes, and at the general prostration of business, and is seeking for some scheme to sacrifice the nation's honor, is no more a patriot than he who took sides with the South in the time of actual war. Oh that we might have the country's honor as fair and clean and substantial as this vast building in which it keeps its accounts! This is not exactly about Washington, it is true; but then it is about the most important thing that will be done there the present winter.

In wide contrast with the thoughts suggested by the Treasury are those which come to one in the Army, Navy, and Medical Museums, places which are filled with relics and mementos of the war. The department used for the illustration of gunshot wounds is especially impressive. Here are long cases, shelf above shelf, filled with bones of soldiers taken from every part of the body, many of them with the bullets still remaining in their shattered substance. What agony must have been endured before the sleep of death came to give them relief! There is no description which can afford one an idea of the horrors of war like the sight of these shattered bones. It is a price of our liberty such as no figures can reckon up. And, as one goes here from the Treasury, he cannot help exclaiming. When these poor soldiers have endured so much for what we, not they, are enjoying, how wicked, how unmanly, how unutterably mean for us to murmur at any burden, however great, which it may have cost in money and mere business prosperity. It is cheaper to have any amount of gold come out of a man's pocket than one of those little bits of lead go into his body.

After visiting the public buildings of Washington, the next thing to see is the Capitol in operation, — the warm, living heart which beats in these walls of stone sending out its pulses to the land's extreme. The ordinary sessions of Congress are not very imposing, as indeed they are not of any legislative body. The members are engaged in walking about, writing letters, whispering to each other, and calling for pages; and everything apparently is in hubbub and confusion very much like a district school when the teacher has

slipped out: and it looks, sometimes, as if the presence of a good smart mistress, with a stout ferule in her hands, would very much facilitate the transaction of business. The members gathered together from so many parts of the country, and the victors of so many fierce political contests, have, of course, a certain degree of interest attaching to them. But, though representatives, they are not, for the most part, representative It is not weight of mind or character, but only a certain talent for manœuvring and wire-working, not necessarily dishonest, but not amounting to half so much, perhaps, as is required in carrying on many branches of manufactures and commerce, which enables a man to write M. C. after his The great intellects of the country, the philosophers and scholars and reformers, men who dare to think for themselves, and to stand for what they think, with some exceptions are not here. It is a body to follow, not to lead. The source of its inspiration is the morning newspaper, - not God and duty. And, after listening a few days to its debates, one comes away with the sorrowful conviction that the hope of the country for salvation, moral, political, and financial, is altogether outside of its walls.

It was interesting, in the galleries, to notice who were regarded among the people as the marked men. In the Senate it was always Charles Sumner who was inquired for first. Every man of the country, whether he came from north, south, east, or west, wished to see him. And you might almost know where he was any time in the morning, by observing the fingers all around the galleries, like the rays of a sun, pointing him out. So much for the infamy of having stood up thirty years for liberty and right. In the House the first man asked for was Thad. Stevens, the second, Ben. Butler, and the third, - I hate to say it, but it was what I did myself, - John Morrissev. Thaddeus Stevens is a wonder. So weak he has to be brought in in a chair, he is yet the greatest force there is in the House. The point of his finger has more influence in it than the points of most men's speech.

The prominent officials in the various other departments

of the government were to be seen chiefly on New Year's day, when it is customary for them all to keep open house, and receive the public. The President is a much better appearing person than he is commonly represented. He shook hands with everybody in a manner equally removed from an aristocrat's coldness and a politician's fawning, and his face certainly betrayed no signs of habitual intoxication. Because we do not like his policy, it is no reason why we should belie the man. If he had kept his faith as a Republican, I am inclined to think he would have been found as temperate and Christian a gentleman as the average of those who have had his place. It is wonderful what a difference it makes in a man's private morals, among "our own correspondents," as to whether they are looked at from their side or the other of the party lines.

The number of persons calling at the White House was very small. Grant, Colfax, and Chief Justice Chase had the most. Seward appeared the most affable, Colfax the most easy and popular, Chase, the most gentlemanly and courteous, General Grant, with his little daughter playing about, the most homelike and domestic, and Ben. Butler had the most of easy talk and good cheer. Grant appears, on the whole, the most trustworthy man in Washington, - the one who is most truly a part of the people by his very nature, and who does things the least for effect. It is hard to realize that you see in his slightly-stooping person and his simple, honest face the victor of so many bloody fields, the hero and chief figure in one of the grandest wars ever waged, and the man, almost beyond a question, who is to complete in the presidential chair, what he has carried forward so nobly in the field. Yet you have only to look at him to feel sure that what he has accomplished has been by no side shrewdness and political tact, but only by main force and straightforward, downright ability.

The city, apart from its great men, has an army of clerks and minor officials, most of them, in spite of all which is said to the contrary, worthy persons, going there from all parts of the country with the hope of getting an easier living, but find-

ing generally that bread and butter do not come at Washington, any more than at other places, without toil and tribulation, and sometimes, perhaps, without political trimming. There are, however, some exceptions. With the strongest desire to speak well of women, and to see their sphere of activity enlarged, it must be owned that those who are the best judges do not represent their course here as clerks to be, on the whole, a very strong argument for their efficiency. Apart from what is said of their immorality, for which, judging by the notorious character of some of the men who are retained over them in prominent places, they probably are the least to blame, business habits are what they lack. They expect to have in the office the same time-wasting courtesies and roundabout way of asking things to be done to which they are accustomed in the parlor. Looking-glasses and combs are apt to be smuggled in behind the desk. And one young lady is said to have left her place in high dudgeon, or rather was transferred by her patron, a high official, to another department, because she could not go out in business hours to take lessons in music and French. Then, too, one of the most painful things now going on in Washington, - one which tells loudest against the administration, - is the number of downright rebels, men and women, that are being brought into its service. It is they who seem to have the ear of the President, they who are fed most largely at the public table. And the widows and daughters of Union soldiers, they who gave their all for the country, and have to-day only themselves to depend upon, because the arms on which they leaned are mouldering in a Union grave, are turned in poverty away.

It would be wrong, however, to represent Washington as made up wholly of government officials, either good or bad, or even of that other class, lobbyists, office-seekers, and panderers to vice, always found at the centres of power. It has a population and life of its own now beginning, for the first time, to make themselves felt, and to give it character. It ought not to be judged to-day by its old reputation, — ought not to be judged by what disappointed office-seekers, coming

away from it, may say. Northern men and Northern ideas, Northern enterprise and talent have been flowing into it. Its population, since the war, has more than doubled. Flourishing schools have been established. Improvements are being made rapidly in its streets and drainage and buildings. And outside of the influence of the hotels you will find as snug and genial and pleasant homes as anywhere in New England. The spirit of society, too, has improved. The frankness and ease of the West have united, in some degree, with the refinement and culture of the East. The breath of freedom has gone into its parlors and saloons. It is no longer a disgrace in the capital of a democratic country to hold that all men are born free and equal.

But with all this change, it would be too much to say that the work is complete. It is not yet complete anywhere in the country. There are some men in Washington - you will find them, too, in New England - who have not vet learned there has been any great civil war. The proclamation of emancipation has hardly reached them, so far back are they behind the age. And they have not got the new spelling-book yet, where negro is spelled with only one g. It was this state of things which gave rise, perhaps, to the trouble, last month, in the Unitarian church about the colored Sunday-school. We of New England, however, ought to be very careful how we judge them. It is to be feared there are very few of our churches which, under the same circumstances, would not have done the same thing; or, if they did not turn the children out, it would be because they could never have got a vote to let them in. It must be remembered that the movement is not an outside one which the Church opposed, but one which arose from its own ranks. The heart of that society, both parts of it, is sound and true. They have a band of live, true, brave young men there, of which any church in the land might be proud, eager to do all Christian work; doing it, too, not only at the sacrifice of time and convenience, but at the risk, sometimes, of its bringing their official duties suddenly to a close. By their very situation they are the vanguard of the movement in behalf of the

freedmen, exposed to peculiar difficulties and trials, worthy, therefore, peculiarly of our sympathy and help. And though it may not be done at once, they will never rest till Unitarianism in Washington plants itself on the broad, divine platform that in the brotherhood of Jesus Christ there is no distinction of race or color, and till it recognizes especially its duty to those poor and despised children with whom he has made himself evermore to be one.

There is one other thing, not directly a part of Washington, but intimately connected with it, which every Northern man, who goes there ought certainly to visit,—the old Lee estate, and the great cemetery of our soldiers, overlooking the city from Arlington Heights. The bodies of two thousand one hundred and eleven soldiers, unknown, are buried in a single vast grave; and on the estate around them are many thousands of others brought up from the Wilderness, and from minor battle-grounds far and wide over the field of war. They cover acres; and the slabs above them, painted white, inscribed with their names and regiments, and standing in long and serried ranks, as when they marched upon the foe, speak to the heart with an eloquence of meaning such as no tongue of orator has ever known.

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat The soldiers' last tattoo; No more on life's parade shall meet Their ranks in proud review. On Fame's eternal camping-ground Their silent tents are spread; And Glory guards with solemn sound The biyouac of the dead."

It is fitting to have them buried here in the soil they redeemed from its curse, and so near the great capital of the nation they died to save. Though dead, they yet speak. They pour a mighty and purifying influence ever and ever over the broad river into the living city's heart. They rise up between the President and the rebel horde, to whom he would give again the rod of power. They admonish our legislators to be true and faithful to the great principles for which their bones are bleaching there. They are the broad, white page, written

with the proudest chapter of the nation's history. And, if there is one among us who would make their sacrifice in vain, one who would vote to give back to the bitter heart of the South what they fought so hard to take away, one who is hesitating whether or not the nation should press forward to reap the full fruit of their work, let him go to Arlington Heights, and stand amid those acres of Federal graves, — let him listen to the pleading of their twenty thousand silent tongues to be firm and true; and if he has one drop of patriot blood in his heart, he will come back thrilled with a new love to country, and bound to crown them with that monument, grander than all that hands can build, a land for every human being, of pure and perfect liberty.

It is in this faith, confirmed by his visit as a whole, that the stranger will take his leave of Washington. The city is to be worthy of its martyrs, and worthy of him whose name it bears. Just and equal laws are, sooner or later, to radiate from its walls to every part of the country, binding it together ever and ever in a truer union. And the day at last will come when the great statue of Freedom which stands so fitly on its Capitol, shall be able in all its vast sweep to see not one institution or one prejudice which is inconsistent with the glorious principle of which it is set there to be at once the prophet and the emblem.

The Word itself calleth me to return to that place of rest where love is not forsaken, if it forsaketh not to love. I behold how some things pass away, that others may replace them, and so this lower universe be completed by all his parts. But thou dost never depart, O God, my Father, supremely good, Beauty of all things beautiful! With thee will I fix my dwelling, for now I am tired out with vanities. To thee will I intrust whatsoever I have received from thee, so shall I lose nothing; and my decay shall bloom again, and all my diseases be healed. Thou madest me for thyself, and my heart is restless until it repose in thee.—St. Augustine.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

— "The Panoplist" is the name of a small monthly publication issued in this city, and designed for the defence of the elder and sterner orthodoxy. It is conducted by an association of gentlemen, laudatores temporis acti, who see nothing but evil in the present tendencies of thought. What fundamental modifications New England orthodoxy, in their judgment, is now undergoing, are indicated very plainly in a recent article on the question, "Is New England Theology Calvinistic or Arminian?" This is the way the question is answered:—

"The Theology of New England is neither the one nor the other, but has long been diverging from both these systems. Since the introduction of Dr. Taylor's views, which in their main features were accepted by the Andover and New Haven schools, the drift of the New England Theology, so called, has been towards Rationalism. It has made rapid progress in that direction. German influences have accompanied German criticisms on the Bible, until that divine book has lost much of its authority in the New England mind, and is no longer the unerring standard of truth. Symbols and creeds are substantially the same, but these do not represent the undercurrent of religious opinions. Broad definitions of these are the forms in which these sceptical tendencies are visible, and utilitarian notions furnish the apology for the support of these creeds.

"But this opinion ought not to be expressed unless it be supported by competent evidence. If this evidence exists, it ought to be presented, and the fact that little or no alarm is felt on this subject would imply either that there is no ground for these fears or that there is a general blindness on the Christian mind, which prevents any discovery of this most alarming declension.

"We have four Theological Schools in New England belonging to the Congregational churches. Of these, Andover and New Haven are the most prominent in laxity of doctrine. The Seminary at Bangor occupies a middle ground, if such there be, and the Hartford Institute remains firm in the faith of the Puritans and the theology of President Edwards.

"We do no injustice to the two former, when we say that the old doctrines of original sin, of the plan of redemption, of the atonement

and regeneration, and of the inspiration of the Scriptures, are widely different from those which are now taught in these schools. We go farther, and say that in regard to miracles and to the historical portions of the Old Testament there is a criticism abroad which denies a supernatural agency in the one and a valid authenticity in the other. This criticism comes from the schools, is uttered in suppressed whispers, is visible in the little importance attached to religious opinion, in the deference and respect which is paid to those learned critics who have uttered this wisdom, and in the public and private declarations of professedly orthodox men; these men declare that the story of the creation and fall of man has no historic truth, but is a symbolic expression of truths which are more fully developed in the subsequent pages of the Bible, representing at once the power of God and the force of temptation, and forming a text for moral teachings in all subsequent ages.

"So, too, in regard to the doctrine of the eternal punishment of the wicked which is so clearly stated in the Word of God. There is a practical disbelief of this doctrine which extensively prevails among orthodox churches, and if doubts are expressed as to its truth, it does not much disturb the standing of ministers, nor is it always insisted that this doctrine is essential to an orthodox faith, and there are ministers and laymen whose views of it are so modified as to destroy its influence over their own minds and those of others; and then how little this doctrine is preached! How seldom does it appear in the pulpit, and with how little interest is it regarded! A nominal adherence to it seems to be all that can be claimed for many of the orthodox clergy, and all that is demanded by the churches."

— A writer in the "London Times" gives an account of the present results of the explorations now carried on by an English party in Palestine. Much time has been consumed in fixing the exact latitude and longitude of important places, as the basis of a new and more accurate map of the Holy Land. The altitude of hills and the extent of plains have been measured for the same object. After naming these, the writer adds:—

"But, perhaps, the wonderful discoveries of Mr. Farren in and around Jerusalem will create even a deeper feeling of interest in the minds of the general public. These have already been sketched in the reports published from time to time in your columns. Their importance to the biblical archæologist can scarcely be over-estimated.

He cannot but feel that the great vexed questions of the topography of the Holy City and its sacred monuments are on the eve of solution. In common with many others, I have been watching with the most intense eagerness every fresh stage in the excavations, as it corroborated some fact in history, or illustrated some statement in the Bible. The courses of the three ancient city walls, so minutely described by Josephus, are now being gradually traced. The exact sites of the most hallowed spots on earth — the Holy Sepulchre and the Jewish Temple — are in a fair way of being determined.

"The colossal foundations of the Temple wall, in which are stones of ten cubits and stones of eight cubits,' laid by Solomon, or his successors on the throne, are now being laid bare at the enormous depth of ninety feet and more beneath the present surface. The bridge that once spanned the ravine between the Palace on Zion and the Temple on Moriah is now proved to have been upward of one hundred and fifty feet high. If this be as it seems, the 'ascent' to the house of the Lord which Solomon showed to the Queen of Sheba, we cannot wonder that on seeing it 'there was no more spirit in her.' The 'pinnacle of the Temple,' on which the Tempter placed the Saviour, has just been uncovered to its base, and is found to have an elevation of one hundred and thirty-six feet. The statement of Josephus is, therefore, no exaggeration: 'If any one looked from the battlements into the valley, he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth.' Sections of the ancient wall of Ophei have been exhumed, showing that, as Josephus says, it was joined to the south-east angle of the Temple. Aqueducts, cisterns, and rock-hewn channels and passages have also been discovered within and around the Haram, throwing new light on the buildings, the arrangements, and the services of the Temple.

"The great work of a complete exploration of ancient Jerusalem is thus fairly and auspiciously commenced. The opportune visit of the Sultan and Grand Vizier to this country, and the representations made the latter by the Archbishop of York, followed up, as they have been, by the energy, the wisdom, and the tact of Lieut. Warren and his admirable staff, have smoothed down Moslem prejudice, removed local opposition, and thus brought about opportunities for excavation and exploration such as never occurred before; and, besides, large numbers of Arab laborers have been trained to the work, and are eager to be employed; and the exact points for successful exploration are now well known."

— Just as the Old and New School Presbyterians seemed to be fraternally coming together, an unexpected source of disturbance has sprung up. What shall be sung in their churches? Some say the best devotional hymns, by whomsoever written; others say, nay, but only the Psalms of David. Would it be believed that men who can make their creeds accord on all other points should fall to blows on a question like this? Such narrowness and pugnacity seem incredible, yet we find the case stated as follows in the "New York Christian Observer," the best Old School authority, though that paper, we are glad to add, rebukes the schismatic spirit it describes:—

"As one of the results of the late Presbyterian Convention, held at Philadelphia, it has become evident that the greatest obstacle to a union of all the Presbyterian churches in this country is not difference in doctrine, but a difference of views in regard to what shall be sung in the public worship of God. A portion of the Reformed and of the United Presbyterian churches have maintained the ground that nothing may be used in this part of divine service but inspired Scripture; that the Psalms of David were given, and have been preserved, for exclusive use in God's praise. There are those who hold that it is sinful to sing any psalm that is not a literal translation of one of the Psalms of David, or any hymn, no matter how closely conformed in sentiment to the inspired Word, or how elevated in its spiritual character; and they refuse to commune with any and every one who sings such hymns. They are willing that Christians should address their heavenly Father in prayer with words of their own choosing; nay, they require in the ministry that extemporaneous prayers should be used in leading the devotions of the assembled church. But when it comes to praising God, no matter how full of evangelical joy the heart may be, it is a sin to give expression to it in one of the beautiful and truly scriptural hymns which make up our church collections, or in any other words than those which were in use under the Jewish dispensation. holding such sentiments will not, of course, be willing to form a church union, on terms of Christian equality and fellowship, with others who do not believe it wrong to praise God in the psalms and hymns of Watts, and others equally conformed, in spirit and sentiment, to the Holy Scriptures."

— We find in an exchange the following account of a movement in England to purify and preserve Protestantism. The Association referred to will find work enough to do, since a large part of the English aristocracy, though nominally connected with the Church of England, never have in fact been converted from papistic dogmas and tendencies. The Romish religion has no stronger bulwark than this powerful English party:—

"Six hundred gentlemen, from various parts of Great Britain, were assembled under the auspices of the Church Association in London, on the 26th and 27th ult. Preservation of the Protestantism of the Church of England is the object of the society. Resolutions in regard to Sacramental Errors, Auricular Confession, Vestments, etc., were discussed at length, with great ability. One of the speakers, in answer to the query, 'What does the Association mean?' answered that it intends to test the great fundamental question, 'Whether the doctrines of the Church of England express Romish or Protestant opinions.' A resolution was carried by acclamation, providing for a guarantee fund of not less than fifty thousand pounds, to enable the Council to assist parishioners who may apply to them for advice, and expenses of appeals to the law courts, undertaken for the purpose of ascertaining the law on any point involving Romanizing doctrines or ritualistic practices."

— That clear thinker and strong writer, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Sturtevant, has an article in a late number of the "New York Independent," on the relation between Theology and Religion. We quote a portion of his sensible words:—

"It is not uncommon of late for persons who express great respect, even reverence, for religion to speak in a tone of disparagement of theology. Of religion, they would blush to acknowledge themselves either ignorant or negligent; of theology, they do not confess, but boastfully profess, their ignorance, and indicate their purpose to remain ignorant. They care nothing what the creed of a church is, if only its members are a good, religious people. Ministers may be found who declare their purpose to be very earnest in preaching religion; but with theology they mean to have very little to do. Writers for the periodical press are perhaps as apt as any other class of men to fall into this mode of speaking, and often more than intimate that the less a man has to do with theology the wiser and the more religious he will be.

"It is a curious, and might prove a not unprofitable, inquiry how much religion any one of us, even the most gifted with genius, can teach without teaching any theology. Of God he must say nothing; for theology is pre-eminently the doctrine of God. Whether the true divinity is the impersonal, unconscious god of the Pantheist; the many gods of the Pagan, each the impersonation of passion, sensuality, and lust; the god of the Mohammedan; or the God of the Christian, he must forbear to inquire. These are topics on which he can give those who look to him for the spiritual aliment which they need no instruction. The immortality of the human soul is eminently a theological question; on this, too, he must be silent, for it never can be successfully handled except in view of the deepest principles of the moral government of God.

"Sin, too, will be a forbidden theme; for by the law is the knowledge of sin, and that law which gives us the knowledge of sin is the law of God. Men may have much knowledge of right and wrong without the light of divine revelation; but that profound conception which is expressed by the word sin is one of the most peculiar characteristics of the Christian Scriptures; it is an integral part

of Christian theology.

"And that whole field of thought which relates to Christ and his work of redemption is forbidden ground to men who would teach religion, but no theology. Who was Christ Jesus? A man weak and frail like ourselves, having no more claim to be called the Christ, the Anointed One, the Messiah of God, than any other good man; and yet calling himself by those exalted titles, and even claiming to be the Son of God? Pretending to work miracles which he never wrought, or represented by his disciples to have worked them, though he himself made no such pretensions? Dying a martyr's death indeed, but laid away in the grave to turn to dust like other men, and yet represented by his disciples and believed by all subsequent ages to have risen from the grave, and to have ascended into heaven before the eyes of his disciples? Himself an amiable, good man indeed, but either an arch impostor, or the founder of a school of impostors who have deluded all ages since? Or was he the Lord from heaven miraculously born; one whose words the elements obeyed, and diseases were his servants; who called the dead from their graves, and himself rose from the dead, and ascended up into heaven, and saw no corruption; the Christ, the Son of God, dying on the cross in expiation of human guilt, and now ever sitting at the right hand of God to make intercession for us? Our prophet? Our priest? Our king? With these themes religion without theology can have no concern. It must remain in their presence as silent as that grave from which Christ arose, and as indifferent as silent.

"And then that world of retribution! Are heaven and hell realities, or the myths of some bygone age of superstition, like Charon and his boat or the dog Cerberus? These are interesting questions; and, however those to whom we give religious instruction may be negligent of them now, the hour will probably come to most of them when the religious teacher who can tell them nothing of these questions will be seen to have little power of ministering to the spiritual wants of their souls.

"With what religious topic, then, shall a man deal who has utterly discarded theology? Is it answered, with the morality of the Gospel? Everything that is most unique, characteristic, and touching in that morality is the direct offshoot of theology. Nothing in the morality of the Gospel is so characteristic, or has exerted so mighty an influence for good on the human race, as the doctrine of self-sacrifice for the good of others. This it is that has filled Christendom, through all Christian ages, with the spirit of all-embracing, all-loving humanity. And is this the product of the bald theism of the moral law? Nay, verily. It originated at the cross not of a common martyr, but of the 'Son of God.' It comes from the great and blessed truth that 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish. but have everlasting life.' It is the 'love of Christ constraining men, because they thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead, and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him that died for them and rose again.' This is Christian morality; and it is as much higher and purer and more saving than all the morality of Paganism or Deism or Pantheism as heaven is higher than earth. But he who will not believe and teach Christian theology cannot teach it. He has exiled himself from the only fountain from which it can flow. He can never reach that fountain and draw from it this water of life till he will abandon the absurd thought of divorcing religion from theology, and cease from all attempts to put asunder that which God hath joined together."

[—] We find in the "Watchman and Reflector" some good thoughts on the inspiration of the Scriptures. The design is to show that no theory on this subject is admissible which would make the sacred writers as passive as the flute that is filled with breath, that each one preserved his own individuality, and that thus there is a human element in the authorship of the Scriptures which must not be overlooked:—

"Were the Sacred Records without a human element, they would be unlike every other product of the Spirit in our world. process of the believer's sanctification, the movements of the Spirit are modified by the individuality of the subject, the supernatural impinging on the natural without any disturbance of nature. Spirit never unmans a man, but on the contrary makes him more thoroughly a man according to the primal ideal. Even in regeneration, where the Divine Spirit may be thought to stand most apart in august sovereignty, working out the eternal purpose of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, though it may come as the wind and go as the wind, yet the moment it reaches the human plane it conforms in full, we have reason to believe, to the great laws that rule in mind. So much, indeed, is this so, that no mere human consciousness would ever cognize the divine inworking agent. Each individual experience retains its own distinguishable idiosyncrasy. The type of character is never violated. Identity is preserved, consciously so to the individual and recognizably so to others. The ardent and the phlegmatic, the hopeful and the desponding, the broad-minded and the narrow-minded, the intelligent and the ignorant, carry with them their distinguishing traits through the whole process of renewal, from incipient conviction to the most thorough-going conversion.

"So we believe it to be with inspiration. The divine element does not exclude the human. They are each equally essential facts. And the human is there, as a general rule, not as something bound in fetters and forced along, but as moving consciously in its own high freedom. Paul is always Paul, solid, dignified, earnest, stirring, eloquent, his logic always on fire, and yet his style being ever the strong tread of the man who knows whereof he affirms, and believes,

and therefore speaks.

"John, whether in the Gospel, or Epistles, or the Apocalypse, is ever the beloved disciple, the man of all others whom we would naturally expect to find leaning on the bosom of Jesus, and finding the warmest place in his heart. He never could have stood alone in the world. He was made for his fellows. His sympathies made him an integral part of humanity. He was one that men would certainly be opening their hearts to, sure of finding his heart open to them. The other evangelists might naturally incline to dwell on the great miracles Christ wrought; he would incline to dwell rather on his gracious words.

"So, also, in relation to the other sacred writers. Matthew's

method and Luke's method would have had the same essential difference had there been no Holy Ghost; and the latter may, of his own free impulse, have felt disposed, like the many others who took it in hand, to write out the Gospel narrative, and to do it only after having traced out all things accurately from the first."

- The author of the "Chronicles of Schönberg-Cotta Family" has published another work called "On both Sides of the Sea, a Story of the Commonwealth." It presents what purports to be the diary of a Puritan; and we find the following glimpse of John Bunyan: -
- "'I have seen the Anabaptist tinker and heard him preach, and I wonder no more at Isaac's enthusiasm.
- "'It was in a barn a mile or two out of Netherby. Isaac persuaded me to go, and I went; and wrapping myself in a plain old mantle, crept into a corner and listened.
- "'And there I heard the kind of sermon I have been wanting to hear so long.
- "'Heaven brought so near, and yet shown to be so infinite; the human heart shown so dark and void, and yet so large and deep, and capable of being made so fair and full of good. Grace, the "grace which over-mastereth the heart," not something destroying or excluding nature, but embracing, renewing, glorifying it. Christ our Lord shown so glorious, and yet so human; more human than any man, because without the sin which stunts and separates. Yes, that was it. This tinker made me see him, brought me down to his feet; not to the Baptist, or Luther, or Calvin, or any one, but to Christ, who is all in one. Brought me down to his feet, rebuked, humbled, emptied; and then made me feel his feet the loftiest station any creature could be lifted to.

"'How many of the dark pages of Church history already written, and now being written, might never have been, if the theology

of this tinker could be understood!

"'Luther, they say, also knew these things (and Roger used to declare Oliver Cromwell did, but of this I know nothing). Strange it is to see how from height to height these souls respond to each other, like bonfires carrying the good news from range to range, throughout the ages. These are the wise; wise like angels; wise like little children. Half-way down, it seems to me, walk the smaller ingenious men of each generation, laboriously building elaborate erections which all the ingenious men on their own hillside and on their own level admire, but which those on the other side cannot see. And below, in the valleys, the reapers reap, and the little children glean, and the women work and weep and wait, and wonder at the skill of the builders on the hill-side, so far above them to imitate. But when they want to know if the good news from the far country is still there for them, as for those of old, they look not to the hill-sides, but to the hill-tops, where the bonfires flash the gospels - plainer even in the night than in the day and where the earliest and latest sunbeams rest. And so the eyes of the watchers on the mountain-tops, of the children and the lowly laborers in the valleys, and of the angels in the heavens, meet. And when the night comes, - which comes to all on earth, - the ingenious builders on the hill-sides, no doubt, have also to look to the mountain-tops, where the watch-fires burn, and the sunset lingers, and the sunrise breaks."

— The editor of the "New York Methodist" writes the following excellent article on the subject of Conventional Piety:

"The general practice of the Christian religion among men has of necessity introduced phrases and habits distinct from those in ordinary use and growing out of its peculiar nature and objects. There are subjects in the spiritual realm which cannot be expressed in the common language of the world, and must needs have a new vocabulary,—one which to men at large will sometimes sound strange and quite meaningless. Science is perpetually coining words for the conveyance of the new ideas or facts discovered in the regions of speculation and experiment; to avoid it is impossible.

"It is equally unavoidable to speak of the distinctive truths of the Christian faith without the employment of terms which may not always be comprehended by those who have given but little if any attention to divine things; these terms will also be occasionally objectionable to those who hear them, inasmuch as they seem to imply superior knowledge and goodness in those who habitually use them. But if it be entirely admissible to use phrases for the expression of religious belief and experience such as are not found in common parlance, may it not be well to employ them sparingly, and especially to study propriety as to the time and occasion for using them, so as to avoid all needless offence to the taste of those with whom we happen to associate, or to touch in the casual meetings of life? There is an accredited piety in the religious, or

church-going communities which we believe to be genuine, but which, by certain conventionalisms, renders itself displeasing to many, and really exposes it to very sharp attacks from the objectors to the popular faith. Set phrases, set methods of religious teaching, of spiritual questioning, etc., become 'current,' and pass around from lip to lip, without due regard to circumstances and persons. Many employ them who know better, and who could as readily frame their thoughts, and prosecute their purposes in doing good, under different and more natural forms; while others know no better, - indeed, do not comprehend the meaning of what they say, and are all the while acting the part of parrots. There seems to be in human nature a constant drift toward formalism, - something fixed, uniform, and unexpansive. The Quaker protests against allforms, and demands the utmost liberty, and soon becomes as rigid and immobile in his ways of worship, dress, and talk as the ritualist with whom he breaks. There is nothing which so stifles the spirit as slavery to the letter, especially if the letter be of man's invention; so that the freer Christians can be from stereotyped terms or cant, if they sacrifice no truth, the more power they will have for the accomplishment of good.

"Why cannot ministers, and others who have to do with the religious instruction of youth, approach them in an easy, natural, unprofessional manner—very much as they would join them in any lawful sport? Why put on an air and tone which says to the child, 'Now, I am going to talk religion, and I want you to be very solemn,'—thus arousing a prejudice begotten of the belief that religion is somehow destructive of the relish for earthly joy?"

— The union of the two papers in this city, the "Congregationalist and Recorder," presents as a result a publication of marked freshness and ability. The few numbers which we have seen have an air about them of a kindly, Christianly culture, and we hope to become better acquainted with it. Nathan Allen, M. D., of Lowell, writes on a subject to which he has paid special attention, and from his article we clip the following:—

"Within forty or fifty years, a great change has taken place in the physical organization of our females. The compression of the chest from the fashion of dress, together with the neglect of exercise, particularly in the open air, and the want of proper ventilation in-doors, has seriously interfered with the normal action and healthy development of the heart and the lungs. As a consequence, there has been, with this sex, a great increase in the diseases of the lungs, especially of consumption, as well as of debility generally, — diseases that arise from a low state of vitality, and a want of regular circulation of blood through the body. Again, the pressure from the style of dressing upon the organs in the abdomen, and the unequal amount of clothing upon the trunk of the body, compared with the extremities, combined with improper diet and a want of physical exercise, have greatly disturbed the healthy action of the organs of digestion, nutrition, and secretion; and dyspepsia, indigestion, and costiveness — complaints peculiar to New England women — arise mostly from these causes.

"The complaint everywhere made now is that our young women have not strength of body, or, in other words, stamina of constitution,—cannot do the work or bear the exposure which their mothers and grandmothers did, nor compare in physical strength and power of endurance with the women of foreign origin around them. The muscles in the limbs give out, when applied to much or continued exercise, and there are weaknesses, aches, and pains, in the back and sides, upon the least exposures or hardships. The less the muscles are called into exercise when young, the greater the disinclination to do so ever afterwards.

"On the other hand, the brain and nervous system are exercised to their utmost tension. Education - education of the mind seems to be almost the only thing sought by parents and guardians for the girl. Nearly all her time, from six to eighteen years of age, must be thus occupied. Besides the school, there are certain excitements in the present state of society, and in reading works of romance and fiction, as well as stories in magazines and newspapers, which constitute too much of the reading of the young, that are peculiarly calculated to intensify this nervous susceptibility. As a consequence, we have an excessive nervous temperament, with weak vital organs and muscles poorly fitted to nourish and support the former. Such an organization for woman is abnormal and unhealthy, especially when some of the most important objects which God designed in her creation are considered. The great laws of Some French writers hold up the maternity are thus sacrificed. theory, that 'as you perfect a people the race runs out.'

"Is there not some danger that this theory will find a verification in the history of our New England population?"

⁻ It is often assumed that public interest in religious institutions

is not extending as fast as the population of the country increases. At a late meeting, Prof. H. B. Smith, of New York, presented the following statistics, which are worthy of a careful consideration:—

"In 1800, the total population was 5,305,935, and the number of church-members was 350,000; in 1832, the population was 13,614,420, church-members, 1,348,948; in 1860, the population was 31,429,801, church-members, 5,035,250. That is, the ratio in 1800 was one communicant to about fifteen of the population; in 1832, it was one to ten; in 1860, one to six. While the population increased sixfold, the church-membership increased more than four-teen-fold. And this, too, notwithstanding the fact that, during the last period (from 1832 to 1860), the number of aliens arriving at our ports was over five millions; and Texas, New Mexico, and California were added to our territory. The proportional increase, since 1860, has probably been greater, for the immigration has been much less. This estimate does not include the Roman Catholics, who may number three and a half millions."

[From "The Hermitage and other Poems."] SUNDOWN.

A SEA of splendor in the west, Purple and pearl and gold, With milk-white ships of cloud, whose sails Slowly the winds unfold. Brown cirrus-bars, like ribbed sea-sand, Cross the blue upper dome, And nearer flecks of feathery white Blow over them like foam. But when that transient glory dies . Into the twilight gray, And leaves me on the beach alone, Beside the glimmering bay; And when I know that late or soon, Love's glory finds a grave, And hearts that danced like dancing foam Break like the breaking wave; A little, dreary, homeless thought Creeps sadly over me, Like the shadow of a lonely cloud Moving along the sea.

RANDOM READINGS.

MIRACLES.

"The December number of the 'Monthly Religious Magazine' gives us a few pages on miracles by Mr. Sears.

"If we understand this writer, there is not and cannot be a miraculous event. He connects everything with cause and effect. A mysterious event, visible to us, though it may be accordant with a known law, is really true to a higher law, beyond our discovery. The chain of cause and effect is nowhere broken. Its unseen links are as truly existent as those which are seen; and, from the being of the latter, he argues à priori to the necessary existence of the former. All the phenomena presented by miracles are in perfect harmony with unknown antecedents. What we call a miracle, therefore, is only a surprise, because we are not able to perceive its real though invisible harmony with its necessary antecedents.

"As thus stated, we think Mr. Sears is not a believer in the miracles recorded in the New Testament. He may believe the facts reported by the several writers; but they are only wonders, not miracles. We understand a miracle to be something, in opposition to nature, an infringement of the order of cause and effect, a direct act of God setting aside all law, and challenging the wisdom of man to explain it otherwise. Mr. Sears' view of a miracle is God working by his Providence, and thus teaching man his ignorance. Our view is vastly higher. It is God working by his power, by an immediate interposition of his sovereignty to bring himself to the notice of his creatures, and under this high pretension to claim their attention to his message, thus solemnly authenticated."

"Mr. Hume's opinion that miracles are violations of natural law seems to us as unanswerably true; but his metaphysical puzzle, that they cannot be proved by testimony, would overthrow the value of all human evidence, and so confuse its laws that nothing could be proved. We accept his premises, but deny his conclusion. Possibly, Mr. Sears, if he believes in Mr. Hume's definition of miracles, might think with him that miracles

could not be proved by testimony. If he has no higher view of miracles than the one he gives us in his article, we think he is as much an unbeliever in them as Mr. Hume."

The above extracts are taken from the January number of "The Panoplist," an orthodox periodical, published in Boston, generally in a spirit of Christian candor. We invite our readers' attention a few moments to the remarkable philosophy and more remarkable theology involved in the above criticisms.

1. The Divine Laws, whether pervading mind or matter, the spiritual world or the natural, are simply the highest and most beneficent order according to which God governs his universe. "Law," says Burke, "is Beneficence acting by rule." "Her seat," says Hooker, "is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world." The Infinite Beneficence acts by the best rule; that is, so as to effect the highest good possible. Paul says, speaking of Christ as the creative Word, "By him all things consist," literally stand together, or subsist in order, speaking here evidently of the natural world.

It would be very interesting to know what our critic means when he says a miracle is "a direct act of God setting aside all law,"—that is, violating the order of his universe, and introducing disorder into it. Because we cannot reduce a fact within the order of nature as we had known it, we must deny that it is accordant with that higher and infinite order which we had not seen! There are some acts of God which cannot be brought under any rule of beneficence operating for the highest good.

- 2. "Our view is vastly higher. It is God working by his power," says the critic. So, then, God, working in nature, does not work directly by his power. Do you tell us that God is not in nature, and that the natural world is given up to second causes?—a machine, as the old deists would have it, which God set going a great while since, and now only sits away outside of it and looks on, to see it go; only sending jerks of power into it at long intervals. What are "second causes," without the efficient cause always present and operative? A sort of Theism which makes nature atheistical, even more than the old Gnosticism ever did, is hardly to be called a "higher view." A view of miracles which shuts God out of the natural world, except when he comes in after long centuries to advertise himself, we should call the lowest view possible.
 - 3. "Possibly, Mr. Sears, if he believes in Mr. Hume's defi-

nition of miracles, might think with him that miracles could not be proved by testimony." We certainly should believe that they could be proved by the testimony of no finite intelligence. Let us see; and let us suppose our critic upon the stand.

- Q. You have witnessed a miracle, a man walking upon the sea?
 - C. Yes, sir.
- Q. You can swear positively, not only to the fact, but that it was not "in harmony with unknown antecedents"?
 - C. I positively can.

Q. Pray, how came you to know all the antecedents of the fact, reaching through all nature, and beyond nature, into the spirit world, of which nature is the symbol; into the counsels of the infinite Word, by which all things stand together and are humanized? How came you to know all this, Mr. C.?"

The only consistent answer which Mr. C. could possibly make would be, "I know everything!" And this under his definition would be proving miracles by testimony. "The value of all human evidence" is overthrown, unless a man can swear, not only to the fact, but to all the philosophy that lies back of it, and to its infinite relations and connections in the universe. He is only a competent witness when he can swear to his own omniscience.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE.

Born in Providence, R. I., 10th Feb., 1802. Died in Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 3d, 1848.

The grave is silent. But in its very silence, it oftentimes excites emotions that no uttered words could produce. In how many instances does it speak, in a language, though inaudible, at once intelligible to sensitive hearts, of the exceeding worth of duty, of the value of the affections, of the consummation of this life in an immortal life!

His was a pure and gentle nature, at whose new-made grave we still linger, that we may indulge in grateful yet tender memories. Philanthropy it was that gave form and beauty to Mr. Greene's character. This governing principle of his life was seen in the cordiality of his greeting, and the smile that radiated his

countenance, as it were, in token of a loving benediction. He was as sensitive as any one to every indication of the perversion of moral rectitude, or the indulgence of selfish ambition at the expense of the general good. And, while giving expression to his sense of the evil nature of delinquency in any form, he would pleasantly throw out a humorous remark that indicated the hope, at least, that disorder and disingenuousness would eventually be made to appear in their true light, and produce a commendable reaction. He was ready, especially where there was room for the exercise of moral power, to indulge the belief that the bright side of humanity would, in the end, make its appearance. In a word, there were no dark forebodings in his temperament. He rather lived in an atmosphere from which he would not shut out any wandering, but real, ray of light.

Mr. Greene, though not a proficient in any of the exact sciences, was yet a student and a scholar. In his library he was surrounded by authors, the chosen representatives of classical and polite literature. It was here, in this atmosphere, redolent of genius and learning, that he loved to meet his friends, and to engage, in the most winning manner, in the communion of mind with mind and heart with heart. How many there are whose most grateful remembrance of our departed friend will be associated with the delightful and improving conversations held

among his books!

Mr. Greene made himself acquainted with the thoughts of the best minds in modern learning; and there was scarcely a subject that engages the attention of scholars at the present day that he did not include in the course of his studies. In the fine arts, as poetry, painting, sculpture, music, no one had a nicer or more discriminating sense of what constituted their excellence and beauty than he. In most of the details of architecture, his knowledge was lucid, and his taste singularly refined. It is remarkable with what accuracy, merely by the careful examination of stereoscopic pictures, he could describe the cathedrals and statuary that engage the admiring view of tourists in the Old With all this cultivation and refinement, there was, in our friend, a delicate hesitancy to take the place to which, by his own merit, he would be fairly entitled. Often has he declined invitations to take a prominent part in public occasions, which, there cannot be a doubt, he would have fully honored.

Mr. Greene was, in a good degree, interested in the histories

of past generations; and to him was assigned an honorable place among those who would interpret and preserve the memorials of the progenitors of the human race. How well he performed, for a series of years, his duties as Judge of Probate, and in other civil offices, it has been the prompt though melancholy business of those who were cognizant of such duties appropriately to notice and to commend.

The mien with which he bore himself in the private relations of life was characteristic of a man whose mind and heart were based on the principles of truth and uprightness. It is in the order of a beneficent Providence that, as the effect of such inward culture, religion should be the crowning grace.

Life does not end at the grave. That last resting-place is indeed silent. But there is a spirit in our hearts—there is a diviner spirit—that speaks to us of immortality. To that—the pure, the spiritual, the eternal—we will lift our longing eyes, and no longer limit our vision to the decaying emblem of mortality, "dust to dust." Yes, soul of the departed! thou art free, emancipated forever from all that can hurt or harm or destroy! We will think of thee as an object of reverence and of love! Our memory of thee shall be sacred!

LIVING IN THOSE WE LOVE.

WHOEVER cannot live in those he loves In days when they are far from him, yea, dead, Full often must have lost them. He alone Possesses his beloved, his heart's friends, In blessed, bright, uninterrupted presence Who, in their spirit and peculiar being, Lives all his days, and loves to look on all Events, and smile on all, as they would do. So have I oft; and when the silent friends Smiled from my eyes upon a word, a work, Or spoke aloud together with my might, Or graciously showed forth their joy from me, -Then have I wept alone! their tranquil life In me has awed me like a miracle, And deeply have I felt, "So shall they still Dwell with me all my days until the end."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Hermitage and other Poems is a volume of 150 pages, without preface or pretension, published by Leypoldt & Holt. New York. The minor poems are amazingly spread out, in order to fill up the space, sometimes a few lines contriving to monopolize two whole pages. There was evidently great scarcity of material, but a determination to make the best of it, and get up a volume. The book comes with just the aspect that provokes unfriendly criticism, and will be taken up and thrown down as a new outpouring of milk-and-water poetry. Whoever reads the volume, however, will be most agreeably disappointed. If Edward Rowland Sill - the name on the title-page - is a young writer, for we never heard of him before, he will certainly make his mark in literature. The "Hermitage" is a succession of pictures which show a minute study of nature and rare poetic insight. The minor pieces are not of uniform merit. Some of them were put in to make up the volume. But here and there gleams an exquisite gem. We give one in the Random Readings, probably not the best which could be selected, but which represents, in small compass, the genius of the writer, whether his minute study of nature or brooding spirit of thought.

The Life of God in the Soul of Man. Boston: Nichols and Noyes.

We heartily welcome this old and well-tried friend. Tauler and Madame Guyon, and the various Lyras have not superseded these plain words of spiritual counsel, and we are greatly indebted to those (father and son, as we gather from the introduction) who were not willing that the new generation should lack these earnest and faithful words. The book is in beautiful contrast with our own old brown-paper, small type, and dingy-covered copy.

If any one wishes to appreciate the difficulties of the Protestant Episcopal Church in England, let him read "The Comedy of Convocation," republished by the Catholic Publication Society, 126 Nassau St., New York. The pamphlet has been attributed to Dr. Newman.

A Journey in Brazil, by Professor and Mrs. Louis Agassiz, published by Ticknor and Fields, is the fruit of the scientific expedition which started in the spring of 1865 to explore the regions of the Amazon, and collect and preserve specimens of its fauna. It is a very handsome volume of 540 pages, copiously illustrated, printed with large, fair type, most grateful to the eye, and appropriately inscribed to Mr. Nathaniel Thaver, by whose munificence the expedition was rendered possible. It is the most charming book of travels which we have read for many a day. Not that we care a farthing for the six hundred and odd species of fishes which the Professor had the good fortune to collect from the waters of the Amazon. We confess to a stupidity, bordering on that of the natives themselves, on this head, not even sharing the Professor's enthusiasm respecting the "Acara" who carried their young in their throats; but the descriptions of the noble river, its people, its scenery, the negroes, the Indians, the Brazilians, their manner of life, and degree of civilization, their Arcadian habits, appearances, and manners delight us beyond measure, familiarizing us with a vast region which we have been aching to explore anew ever since we rose from the pages of Robertson and Prescott. We go with him every step from Rio up the Amazon to the borders of Peru, sorry enough that he did not keep on over the spur of the Andes instead of turning back to catch fishes to be preserved in alco-His friendly reception by the Emperor, and by all his agents and subordinates, who contributed everywhere to make the expedition successful, fills a beautiful chapter in national comity. The stay at Rio is made doubly interesting, introducing the reader, not only to the immediate objects of the expedition, but to the country and climate, to private, social, and public life in Rio. The state of slavery in the Empire, and the prospect of its extinguishment, are dwelt upon with interest. The book is one of the best which the reader will find to shorten the long winter evenings.

The Children's Dickens, published by the Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, is a very attractive volume.

Liberal Views of the Ministry in Harmony with the Bible, the Prayer-Book, and the Canons" is the title of a very Christian, and very catholic Sermon, by Rev. Dr. RICHARD NEWTON, of Phildelphia. We wish we had space to make some extracts.

David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens, has just been published by Ticknor & Fields in one volume, it being one of the series of their "Charles Dickens Edition." The lovers of Dickens generally make this their favorite; and, it seems by the preface to this edition that the author entirely agrees with them. One of his most effective readings is from David Copperfield; and those who have heard it will remember with what special unction he reproduces, and partly extemporizes the characters. The following extract from the preface is an interesting piece of autobiography:—

"It would concern the reader little, perhaps, to know how sorrowfully the pen is laid down at the close of a two years' imaginative task; or how an author feels as if he were dismissing some portion of himself into the shadowy world, when a crowd of the creatures of his brain are going from him forever. Yet I had nothing else to tell, unless, indeed, I were to confess—which might be of less moment still—that no one can ever believe this narrative in the reading more than I believed it in the

writing.

"So true are these avowals at the present day, that I can only take the reader into one confidence more. Of all my books, I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them. But, like many fond parents, I have, in my heart of hearts, a favorite child, and his name is David Copperfield."

The Poetry of Compliment and Courtship, selected and arranged by John Williamson Palmer (Editor of "Folk Songs"). Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

It is a class of literature which is ever on the increase; but this very full collection will serve for the present. Meanwhile, all who have any unpublished material of the kind, represented in this volume, should forward it at once to Mr. Palmer, in order to secure insertion in the next edition.

THE Furman St. Mission, connected with the Church of the Saviour in Brooklyn, L. I., is admirably reported by the Super-intendent, Edward T. Fisher, whose heart is plainly in the good work which his hands have found to do.

The Uncommercial Traveller.. Ticknor and Fields. 1867.

This is the last volume of the Diamond Edition of the Complete Works of Mr. Charles Dickens. It contains several "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, not included in any other American Edition, a number of Christmas Tales — contributions to the annual Christmas Stories — especially collected and revised for this Edition by Mr. Dickens himself, a complete Index of Characters introduced in Mr. Dickens' Novels, and a Synopsis of the Principal Incidents, prepared for this Edition.

The characteristic features of the Edition are compactness, clearness of typography, illustrations, binding, and low price; and we may add that this Edition, and the "Charles Dickens" and "Illustrated Library" Editions, published by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, are the only authorized American issues of Mr. Dickens' works.

The Duty and Discipline of Extempore Preaching. By F. BARHAM ZINCKE, Vicar of Wherstead, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. The first American from the second London Edition. New York: Charles Scribner and Company. 1867.

This is a very admirable, because a very practical, treatise upon a most important subject. We commend it especially to those preachers who think that they are too old to learn to speak without their notes.

Claudia, by Miss Douglas, published by Lee and Shepard, is a sensational novel, full of life, love, and passion,—love that burns with a consuming fire, but is balked and baffled and disappointed, and brings one of its victims to the verge of suicide, but ends happily and successfully. The style is high-flown, but the story hurries on with dramatic power, always making large draughts on the sympathies of the reader. The deepest chords of passion in woman's nature are painfully touched, and its hunger for love and sympathy, which art nor culture nor friend-ship nor change of scene, nor anything else under the sun, can ever satisfy but love itself in large returns, is described as only a woman can describe it.

Note. — Several typographical errors, sufficiently annoying to the Editors and the Publisher, but less so, we hope, to the readers of our Magazine, have occurred in the last numbers. Changes have been made that will, as we trust, secure better things for the time to come.